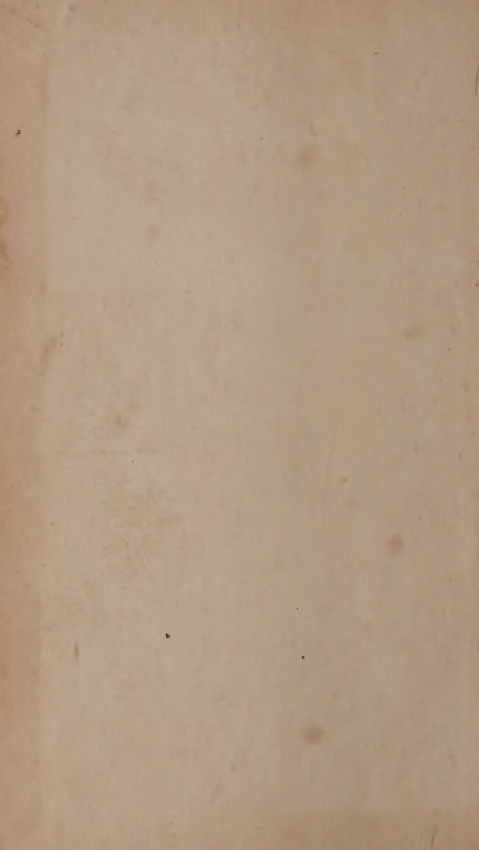


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1868



Simon Day

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Mark Twain



ВНИМАТЕЛЬНО
ПРОЧИТАЙТЕ



ВНИМАТЕЛЬНО
ПРОЧИТАЙТЕ

LADY'S ALMANAC FOR THE YEAR



1868.

BOSTON.

ISSUED BY GEORGE COOLIDGE, 3 MILK ST.

(Price fifty cents, mailed postpaid.)

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ANGEL VISITS.

I.

“Thou’rt old, grandfather, old and blind,
But ever cheerful, good and kind,
I love, when early Summer blooms,
And meads are lavish of perfumes,
To see thee in thy garden chair,
With silvery locks and forehead bare,
And face upturned, as thou hadst striven
To look through darkness into Heaven.

II.

“And oft, when o’er the frozen wold
The wintry tempests whistle cold,
When strolling gusts, in sport or ire,
Howl down our chimney at the fire ;
When crickets chirrup on the hearth,
As if they shared the children’s mirth,
My last day’s lesson I repeat,
Or read the Bible at thy feet.

III.

“But now the Summer days have come,
With song of birds and insect hum ;
The earth is bright with flowers and leaves ;
And swallows dart from cottage eaves ;
The shadows through the foliage fall,
Like network on the garden wall ;
And ship-like clouds go sailing by,
In the calm ocean of the sky.

IV.

“ Around our porch the tendrils twine,
And bind-weeds clasp the eglantine,
The summer day is fair and mild ;
Come, lean upon thy little child,
And let me guide thee to thy seat ;
I'll do my knitting at thy feet,
And should the time be dull or long,
I'll read or sing my last new song.

V.

“ But far more happy I should be
To sit, and hear, and learn from thee.
Oft when thou'rt musing all alone,
No eye upon thee but my own,
I hear half-spoken words that seem
Replies to questions in a dream,
And watch, observant, from my place,
The placid rapture on thy face.

VI.

“ And it would please me wouldst though tell
Thine own, thy little Rosabel,
What thoughts amid thy sight’s eclipse
Can bring the smiles upon thy lips.
Old age, I’ve heard, is full of care,
But thou art happy, thine is fair;
So fair — and yet it cannot be —
I think that Angels visit thee.”

VII.

“ Dear Rosabel, ’tis even so !
There are more Angels than we know.
Lend me thy hand, my seat prepare,
Let me inhale the morning air,
Receive the sunlight on my cheek,
And feel thy presence as I speak,
And I will tell of Angels three,
Who daily come and visit me.

VIII.

“ Though I am frail, and old, and blind,
God sends His sunshine to my mind.
'Twas He bestowed the visual ray,
'Twas He who took the gift away ;
But when His chastening hand withdrew
Earth's outward forms from sensuous view,
He opened to my mental sight
The inner spirit infinite

IX.

“ And self-communion, calm and long—
Deep musings upon right and wrong,
And conflicts with the pride and sin
That ever surged and swoll within,
Cleared from my soul some mists obscure,
And filled it with revealings pure ;
I knew myself, and humbled low,
Drew comfort in my deepest woe.

X.

“ I see no more the fields and bowers,
Nor endless beauty of the flowers ;
I see no more the rivers run,
Nor hill-tops gilded by the sun ;
I see no more Creation’s grace ;
I see no more thy gentle face ;
And all the glory of the skies
Is hidden from my withered eyes.

XI.

“ But when I hear the wild wind call
To forest-boughs that answer all —
The sedges rustling in the lake —
The black-bird singing in the brake —
The far-off murmurs of the shore —
Deep-throated ocean’s moan and roar —
Remembrance wakens in my mind,
And paints the pictures of the blind.

XII.

" 'Tis then an Angel, one of three,
Descends to bear me company.
Sweet are the accents of his tongue,
He keeps my heart for ever young ;
In his companionship I stray
Back to my childhood's early day,
And live again a wondering boy,
Heir of a world of life and joy.

XIII.

" With him I hold communion fit ;
His voice makes music where I sit.
I listen, and before me pass
World-shadows in a mystic glass ;
The torrent falls, the landscape spreads,
The steadfast forests nod their heads,
And the eternal oceans roll,
In the clear mirror of my soul

XIV.

“ Whene’er the early cuckoo’s voice
Bids thee and all the meads rejoice ;
Whene’er I find a new delight,
In opening day, or closing night ;
Whene’er I sit in sun or shade,
And bless the world and Him who made,
And feel the joys I cannot see,
I know this Angel visits me.

XV.

“ And evermore, when he departs,
Another cheers my heart of hearts,
With soft blue eyes—two azure spheres,
Bright with the luxury of tears.
Sweet is the song of early birds,
Yet sweeter far are human words —
This Angel loves them, so do I ;
He links me to Humanity.

XVI.

“ Whene’er thy father, pleased with home,
Has smiles for all who go and come ;
Whene’er his daily labor done,
He breathes his evening orison ;
Whene’er thy mother, good and mild,
Sings lullaby to soothe her child ;
I feel a sympathy sincere,
And know this Angel hovers near.

XVII.

“ Whene’er I hear the children play,
With many a chaunt and roundelay ;
Whene’er the trample of their feet
Makes music round my lonely seat ;
Whene’er I hear thee sing thy song,
In happy innocence of wrong,
And love all children, thee, the best ;
I know that Angel is my guest.

XVIII.

“ Whene’er I hear of generous thought,
Of noble deeds by manhood wrought,
Of Patience long and sorely tried,
Walking with Virtue side by side,
Of Love supreme amid distress,
Of courage great in gentleness,
And feel the tears suffuse mine eyes,
I share angelic sympathies.

XIX.

“ Whene’er I hear of sin and guilt,
Of human blood in warfare spilt,
Of wrong and suffering unrelieved,
Of tender innocence aggrieved,
Of harsh oppression, hate, and scorn,
Yet feel not utterly forlorn,
But hopeful of a time to be,
I’m sure that Angel visits me.

XX.

“ And, Rosabel, dear Rosabel,
Another Angel, mark me well,
Sits at my side by night, by day,
And teaches me to hope and pray ;
He bids all doubt and sorrow cease,
He fills my soul with heavenly peace,
And sings me the eternal hymn
Of the adoring seraphim.

XXI.

“ And oft when sleep forsakes mine eyes,
He lifts a veil of mysteries,
And shows me, strong in humble faith,
Life-shadows, and the things of death ;
He takes the terror from the tomb,
And strews rich germs of heavenly bloom,
Upon the dark sepulchral clod —
That Angel is the Love of God.

XXII.

“ O Angel ! heavenly Angel mine !
His words are harmonies divine ;
In his companionship serene,
All earthly joys are poor and mean : —
The world hath come — the world must go —
The immortal longings throb and glow —
I feel no more the primal curse,
I clasp the boundless universe.

XXIII.

“ And yet I doubt, O daughter dear,
If all these Angels hover here —
So similar is each to each,
So like in feature, form, and speech,
So linked in one celestial plan,
Are Love of Nature, God, and Man,
I cannot think that they are three, —
’Tis but *one* Angel visits me ”

Charles Mackay.

Eclipses for 1868.

THERE will be two Eclipses this year, both of the SUN ; and a Transit of MERCURY over the Sun's disk.

I.—AN ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, February 23d, visible to South America, and portions of Europe and Africa.

II —A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, August 18th, visible to Australia, and portions of Africa and Asia.

III.—A TRANSIT OF MERCURY, November 5th, visible to Asia, Africa, Australia, and a portion of South America.

VENUS will be *evening star* until July 16th ; then *morning star* the rest of the year.

JUPITER will be *evening star* until March 10th ; then *morning star* till Oct. 1st ; and *evening star* again the rest of the year.

In times of persecution, caves and catacombs were used as places of worship, by christians, from which originated the use of candles in the Greek and Latin Churches. Buildings for worship were called " Houses of the Lord," from which are derived the Scotch *Thirk*, and the English *Church*.
Prof. Felton.

Melrose Abbey in Scotland, built a thousand years ago, is not equalled in design or finish by any modern edifice in England or France.

The first christian church, built in the second or third century, in which Ethelbert and Bertha his queen were baptized, still stands in Canterbury. In this cathedral lies the dust of Thomas A. Becket, premier of Henry II. 1154. The indentations of the knees of the pilgrims at his tomb, are apparent.



JANUARY.

NEW-YEAR FANCIES.

The New-Year's morn. The solemn chime
Rings from the belfry o'er the snow,
And echoes through the river's flow,
Amid the rocks that frown at Time

The New Year's morn. The golden stars
Are gleaming in their solemn calm,
As though their majesty were balm
For ill that wounds, and thought that jars.

And oh! the memories that rise
As peal the far-off bells—they wake
Visions whose sleep no power may break,
And bring the light to long-closed eyes.

And oh! the memories that cling
Around this old oak-panelled room;
The pine-logs flashing through the gloom,
Seem sparkles from life's early spring!

“After long years!” I rest again,
This ancient home, it seems to me,
Wearied with travel o'er the sea,
Holds anodyne for carking pain.

The bells are pealing out as sound
The voices of a blessed dream,
That float athwart life's hurried stream,
And hold the eager hearer bound

Oh! bells ring on. The music sweet
That quivers o'er the snow-fields bright,
In the full moon will put to flight
My bitter thoughts, and bid me greet

The veiled New-Year with hope and peace,
That in its secrets I may find
The influence that bids the mind
From sorrow take its just release,

And learn to stud this life of ours
With gems of purity and truth,
That, as in sunny dreams of youth,
We plant the path with deathless flowers!

THOUGHTS OF JOUBERT.—Those who always love have not the leisure to complain and to be unhappy.

He who cannot see the beautiful side is a bad painter, a bad friend, a bad lover; he cannot lift his mind and his heart so high as goodness.

When we love, it is the heart that judges.

We always lose the friendship of those who lose our esteem.

A man who shows no defect is a fool or a hypocrite, whom we should mistrust. There are defects so bound to fine qualities that they announce them defects which it is well not to correct.

January, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

FIRST QUARTER 2d. 11h. 18m. P.M.
 FULL MOON..... 9d. 6h. 9m. P.M.
 LAST QUARTER, ...16d. 0h. 20m. P.M.
 NEW MOON, ... 24d. 2h. 34m. P.M.

D. Mo.	Days of the Week	SUN		Length of Days.	Sun's Dec. South.		☉ s.	☽ R & S		☽ So'ths.	☽ A.	HIGH WATER	
No	Name.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	°	'	m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.		h. m.	h. m.
1	Wed.	7 30	4 39	9 9	23	2	4	11 9	5 6	7		3 30	3 45
2	Thu.	7 30	4 39	9 9	22	57	4	mor.	5 51	8		4 15	4 30
3	Frid.	7 30	4 40	9 10	22	51	5	0 12	6 37	9		5	5 30
4	Sat.	7 30	4 41	9 11	22	45	5	1 16	7 26	10		6	6 30
5	S.	7 30	4 42	9 12	22	38	6	2 21	8 19	11		7	7 30
6	Mon.	7 30	4 43	9 13	22	32	6	3 28	9 15	12		8	8 30
7	Tues.	7 30	4 44	9 14	22	24	6	4 37	10 15	13		9	9 30
8	Wed.	7 29	4 45	9 16	22	16	7	5 45	11 18	14	10		10 30
9	Thu.	7 29	4 46	9 17	22	8	7	rises	mor.	15	11		11 30
10	Frid.	7 29	4 47	9 18	21	59	8	6 03	0 21	16	12		—
11	Sat.	7 29	4 48	9 19	21	50	8	7 16	1 23	17	0 30		0 45
12	S.	7 28	4 49	9 21	21	41	8	8 28	2 22	18	1 15		1 45
13	Mon.	7 28	4 50	9 22	21	31	9	9 39	3 17	19	2		2 30
14	Tues.	7 28	4 51	9 23	21	20	9	10 47	4 10	20	2 45		3 15
15	Wed.	7 27	4 53	9 26	21	10	10	11 52	5 0	21	3 45		4
16	Thu.	7 27	4 54	9 27	20	59	10	mor.	5 48	22	4 30		5
17	Frid.	7 26	4 55	9 29	20	47	10	0 55	6 35	23	5 30		6
18	Sat.	7 26	4 56	9 30	20	35	11	1 56	7 21	24	6 30		6 45
19	S.	7 25	4 57	9 32	20	23	11	2 55	8 8	25	7 15		7 45
20	Mon.	7 25	4 59	9 34	20	10	11	3 51	8 55	26	8 15		8 45
21	Tues.	7 24	5 0	9 36	19	57	12	4 44	9 43	27	9		9 30
22	Wed.	7 23	5 1	9 38	19	43	12	5 34	10 31	28	10		10 15
23	Thu.	7 23	5 2	9 39	19	29	12	6 20	11 18	29	10 45		11
24	Frid.	7 22	5 3	9 41	19	15	12	sets.	0 5	0	11 15		11 45
25	Sat.	7 21	5 5	9 44	19	1	13	6 09	0 51	1	—		0
26	S.	7 21	5 6	9 45	18	46	13	7 5	1 36	2	0 15		0 45
27	Mon.	7 20	5 7	9 47	18	30	13	8 3	2 20	3	1		1 15
28	Tues.	7 19	5 8	9 49	18	15	13	9 3	3 4	4	1 30		2
29	Wed.	7 18	5 10	9 52	17	59	13	10 3	3 48	5	2 15		2 30
30	Thu.	7 17	5 11	9 54	17	43	14	11 4	4 33	6	3		3 15
31	Frid.	7 16	5 13	9 57	17	26	14	morn	5 20	7	3 45		4



MEMORANDA FOR



JANUARY.

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[From "Our Young Folks" for March, 1867.]

OUT IN THE SNOW.

The snow and the silence came down together,
Through the night so white and so still,
And the young folks, housed from the bitter weather,—
Housed from the storm and the chill,—

Heard in their dreams the sleigh-bells jingle,
Coasted the hill-sides under the moon,
Felt their cheeks with the keen air tingle,
Skimmed the ice with their steel-clad shoon.

They saw the snow when they rose in the morning,
Glittering ghost of the vanished night,
Though the sun shone clear in the winter dawning,
And the day with a frosty pomp was bright.

Out in the clear, cold, winter weather,—
Out in the winter air like wine,—

Kate with her dancing scarlet feather,
Bess with her peacock plumage fine,

Joe and Jack with their pealing laughter,
Frank and Tom with their gay hallo,
And half a score of roisterers after,
Out in the witching, wonderful snow.

Shivering graybeards shuffle and stumble,
Righting themselves with a frozen frown,
Grumbling at every snowy tumble,—
But the young folks know why the snow came down.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

Often our fine qualities are loved and praised only because our defects temper their lustre. It often even happens that we are loved rather for our defects than for our high qualities.

We should make ourselves loved, for men are only just toward those whom they love.

The punishment of those who have loved women too much is to love them always.

Tenderness is the repose of passion.

Good-will makes the enjoyments and the faculties of all the beings whom it embraces a party to its faculties and enjoyments. Man is an immense being who may exist, after a fashion, partially, but whose existence is the more delightful the more whole and full it is.

Whoever extinguishes in a man a feeling of good-will kills him partially.

Whatever multiplies the ties that bind man to man makes him better and happier.

The multitude of affections enlarges the heart.

Into the composition of every happiness enters the thought of having deserved it.

Ambition is pitiless, every merit that it cannot use is contemptible in its eyes.

Joubert.

February, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

FIRST QUARTER,..... 1d. 1h. 32m. P M.

FULL MOON, ... 8d. 4h. 51m. A.M.

LAST QUARTER,.....15d. 4h. 33m. A.M.

NEW MOON, ...23d. 9h. 36m. A.M.

D. Mo	Days of the Week.	SUN.		Length of Days.	Sun's Dec. South.	☾ s.	☾ R & S	☾ So'ths.	☾ A.	HIGH WATER	
No	Name.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	° ' "	m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.
1	Sat.	7 15	5 14	9 59	17 9	14	0 7	6 9	8	4 30	5
2	S	7 14	5 15	10 1	16 52	14	1 11	7 2	9	5 30	6
3	Mon.	7 13	5 16	10 3	16 35	14	2 17	7 58	10	6 30	7
4	Tues.	7 11	5 18	10 7	16 17	14	3 24	8 57	11	7 30	8 15
5	Wed.	7 10	5 19	10 9	15 59	14	4 29	9 58	12	8 45	9 15
6	Thu.	7 9	5 20	10 11	15 40	14	5 28	11 0	13	9 45	10 15
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8	Sat.	7 7	5 23	10 16	15 3	14	rises	0 1	15	11 45	
9	S.	7 6	5 24	10 18	14 44	14	7 14	0 59	16	—	0 30
10	Mo.	7 4	5 25	10 21	14 25	14	8 26	1 55	17	0 45	1 15
11	Tues.	7 3	5 27	10 24	14 5	14	9 35	2 48	18	1 45	2
12	Wed.	7 2	5 28	10 26	13 45	14	10 41	3 39	19	2 30	2 45
13	Thu.	6 0	5 29	10 29	13 25	14	11 45	4 28	20	3 15	3 30
14	Frid.	6 58	5 31	10 33	13 5	14	mor.	5 16	21	4	4 30
15	Sat.	6 58	5 32	10 34	12 44	14	0 46	6 4	22	4 45	5 15
16	S.	6 56	5 33	10 37	12 24	14	1 44	6 52	23	5 45	6 15
17	Mon.	6 55	5 34	10 39	12 3	14	2 39	7 39	24	6 45	7 15
18	Tues.	6 54	5 36	10 42	11 42	14	3 30	8 27	25	7 45	8 15
19	Wed.	6 52	5 37	10 45	11 21	14	4 17	9 14	26	8 30	9
20	Thu.	6 51	5 38	10 47	10 59	14	5 0	10 1	27	9 30	9 45
21	Frid.	6 49	5 39	10 50	10 38	14	5 39	10 48	28	10 15	10 30
22	Sat.	6 48	5 41	10 53	10 16	14	6 14	11 33	29	11	11 15
23	S.	6 46	5 42	10 56	9 54	14	sets.	0 18	0	11 30	11 45
24	Mon.	6 45	5 43	10 58	9 32	13	6 56	1 3	1	—	
25	Tues.	6 43	5 44	11 1	9 10	13	7 56	1 47	2	0 30	0 15
26	Wed.	6 42	5 46	11 4	8 47	13	8 57	2 32	3	1 15	1 30
27	Thu.	6 40	5 47	11 7	8 25	13	9 59	3 18	4	1 45	2 15
28	Frid.	6 38	5 48	11 10	8 2	13	11 2	4 6	5	2 30	2 45
29	Sat.	6 37	5 49	11 12	7 39	13	mor.	4 57	6	3 15	3 30



MEMORANDA

FOR



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THE LION OF MARCH.

The Lion of March ! is here, is here ;
Hear ye his roar in the howling blast !
How savage he seems, as near and more near
He comes from afar, fiercely and fast.

The Lion of March ! is here, is here
Calling the spirits out of their graves—
The restless spirits of gloom and fear,
The spirit of evil that mischief craves.

The Lion of March ! is here, is here
Bringing the shades of the past to life ;
Fiercely the Lion growls over their bier ;
What are the thoughts within me rife !

The Lion of March ! is here, is here,
Only to tell us of days to come
When snow and ice and winter drear,
Will have passed away to their long home.

The Lion of March ! is here, is here
His part to play in Nature's course ;
A final battle of Winter with Spring,
But Spring will conquer by gentle force.

The Lion of March ! is here, is here,
And we know that soon the flowers will bloom ;
In faith we wait, as the hour draws near,
For birds to sing o'er the Winter's tomb.

THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered—" Now, I shall be out of sight ;
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way :
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy crept ;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn was seen
Most beautiful things ; there were flowers and trees ;
There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees ;
There were cities with temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
Now, just to set them a thinking,
" I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he ;
" This costly pitcher I'll burst in three ;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick ! to tell them I'm drinking."

March, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

FIRST QUARTER,..... 2d. 0h. 5m. A.M.
 FULL MOON, ... 8d. 3h. 38m. P.M.
 LAST QUARTER,.....15d. 10h. 45m. P.M.
 NEW MOON, ...24d. 2h. 15m. A.M.
 FIRST QUARTER,.....31d. 7h. 41m. A.M.

D. Mo	Days of the Week.	SUN		Length of Days.	S n's Dec. South.	☉ s.	☾ Rises.	☾ So'ths.	☾ A.	HIGH WATER	
No	Name.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	o	m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.
1	S.	6 35	5 51	11 16	7 17	12	0 7	5 50	7	4	4 30
2	Mon.	6 34	5 52	11 18	6 54	12	1 12	6 46	8	5	5 30
3	Tues.	6 32	5 53	11 21	6 31	12	2 15	7 44	9	6 15	6 45
4	Wed.	6 30	5 54	11 24	6 8	12	3 14	8 43	10	7 15	8
5	Thu.	6 28	5 55	11 27	5 44	12	4 8	9 43	11	8 30	9
6	Frid.	6 27	5 57	11 30	5 21	11	4 57	10 41	12	9 30	10
7	Sat.	6 25	5 58	11 33	4 58	11	5 40	11 37	13	10 30	11
8	S.	6 24	5 59	11 35	4 34	11	rises	mor.	☉	11 15	11 45
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10	Tues.	6 20	6 1	11 41	3 47	10	8 21	1 24	16	0 30	0 45
11	Wed.	6 18	6 2	11 44	3 24	10	9 28	2 15	17	1 15	1 30
12	Thu.	6 17	6 4	11 47	3 0	10	10 31	3 6	18	2	2 15
13	Frid.	6 15	6 5	11 50	2 37	9	11 31	3 55	19	2 45	3
14	Sat.	6 13	6 6	11 53	2 13	9	mor.	4 44	20	3 30	3 45
15	S.	6 12	6 7	11 55	1 49	9	0 29	5 33	21	4 15	4 45
16	Mon.	6 10	6 8	11 58	1 26	9	1 23	6 21	22	5 15	5 45
17	Tues.	6 8	6 9	12 1	1 2	8	2 13	7 9	23	6	6 30
18	Wed.	6 6	6 10	12 4	0 38	8	2 57	7 56	24	7	7 30
19	Thu.	6 5	6 12	12 7	S. 14	8	3 37	8 43	25	8	8 30
20	Frid.	6 3	6 13	12 10	N. 9	7	4 13	9 29	26	8 45	9 15
21	Sat.	6 1	6 14	12 13	0 33	7	4 46	10 14	27	9 45	10
22	S.	5 59	6 15	12 16	0 57	7	5 17	10 59	28	10 30	10 45
23	Mon.	5 58	6 16	12 18	1 20	6	sets.	11 44	29	11	11 30
24	Tues.	5 56	6 17	12 21	1 44	6	6 50	0 29	☾	11 45	—
25	Wed.	5 54	6 18	12 24	2 7	6	7 52	1 15	1	—	0 15
26	Thu.	5 52	6 19	12 27	2 31	6	8 56	2 4	2	0 45	1
27	Frid.	5 51	6 20	12 29	2 54	5	10 1	2 54	3	1 30	1 45
28	Sat.	5 49	6 22	12 33	3 18	5	11 5	3 46	4	2 15	2 30
29	S.	5 47	6 23	12 36	3 41	5	mor.	4 41	5	3	3 15
30	Mon.	5 45	6 24	12 39	4 4	4	0 8	5 38	6	3 45	4 15
31	Tues.	5 44	6 25	12 41	4 26	4	1 8	6 35	7	4 45	5 15



MEMORANDA

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THE BLUEBIRD.

I am so blithe and glad today !
At morn I heard a bluebird sing ;
The bluebird, warbling soul of spring,
The prophet of the early May ;
And I know the violets under the tree
Would listen and look the bird to see,
Peeping timidly here and there,
In purple and odor to charm the air ;
And the wind flower lifts its rose-veined cup,
In the leaves of the old year buried up.
And all the delicate buds that bloom
On the moss-beds, deep in the forest gloom,
Would stir in their slumber, and catch the strain,
And dream of the sun and the April rain.
For spring has come when the bluebird sings
And folds in the maple its glossy wings,
And the wind may blow and the storm may fall,
But the voice of the summer is heard in all.

I am so blithe and glad today !
My heart beside the bluebird, sings,
And folds, serene, its weary wings,
And knows the hours lead on to May.

Edna Dean Proctor.

NAMES.

We smile at names. We weigh them in the scale of the ear for sweetness or smoothness. We cull some, we reject others. We laugh at men's odd and awkward names, and quite justly too, it may be ; since capricious whims, and vagrant fancies, or mere carelessness, so often select them. But sometimes a name is a history. It is like a pictured vase. We see the figures without thinking in what furnace those colors were fastened, and by what fire the glazing was fused ! Is there in any history a record of the heart more touching and simple than that of old ? " And it came to pass as Rachel's soul was departing, for she died, that she called his name Ben-oni "—Son of my Sorrow.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

NATURE'S MUSIC.

There is a spell in every flower,
A sweetness in each spray,
And every simple bird has power
To please me with its lay.

And there is music on the breeze
That sports along the glade :
The crystal dewdrops on the trees
Are gems by fancy made.

Oh ! there is joy and happiness
In everything I see,
Which bids my soul rise up and bless
The God who blesses me.

April, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

FULL MOON,..... 7d 2h. 33m. A. M.
 LAST QUARTER,.....14d 5h. 51m. P. M.
 NEW MOON,.....22d. 3h. 36m. P. M.
 FIRST QUARTER,.....29d. 1h. 34m. P. M.

D. Mo	Days of the Week.	SUN		Length of Days.	Sun's Dec. North.	☉	☽	☽	☽	HIGH WATER	
No	Name.	Rises. h. m.	Sets. h. m.			S. m.	R h.	& S m.	So'ths. h. m.	A. d.	Morn. h. m. Eve. h. m.
1	Wed.	5 42	6 26	12 44	4 51	4	2	3	7 33	8	6 30
2	Thu.	5 40	6 27	12 47	5 14	3	2	52	8 30	9	7 45
3	Frid.	5 39	6 28	12 49	5 37	3	3	35	9 25	10	8 45
4	Sat.	5 37	6 30	12 53	6 0	3	4	14	10 19	11	9 45
5	S.	5 35	6 31	12 56	6 22	3	4	50	11 11	12	10 30
6	Mon.	5 33	6 32	12 59	6 45	2	5	24	mor.	13	11 15
7	Tues.	5 32	6 33	13 1	7 7	2	rises		0 2	11	45
8	Wed.	5 30	6 34	13 4	7 30	2	8	12	0 53	15	0 15
9	Thu.	5 28	6 35	13 7	7 52	1	9	15	1 43	16	1
10	Frid.	5 27	6 36	13 9	8 14	1	10	16	2 33	17	1 45
11	Sat.	5 25	6 37	13 12	8 36	1	11	13	3 23	18	2 30
12	S.	5 23	6 38	13 15	8 58	1	mor.		4 13	19	3 15
13	Mon.	5 22	6 40	13 18	9 20	0	0	6	5 22	20	3 45
14	Tues.	5 20	6 41	13 21	9 41	0	0	53	5 50	21	4 30
15	Wed.	5 19	6 42	13 23	10 3	F.	1	35	6 37	22	5 30
16	Thu.	5 17	6 43	13 26	10 24	0	2	12	7 23	23	6 30
17	Frid.	5 15	6 44	13 29	10 45	1	2	46	8 8	24	7 15
18	Sat.	5 14	6 45	13 31	11 6	1	3	17	8 53	25	8 15
19	S.	5 12	6 46	13 34	11 27	1	3	48	9 37	26	9
20	Mon.	5 11	6 47	13 36	11 47	1	4	18	10 23	27	9 45
21	Tues.	5 9	6 48	13 39	12 7	1	4	47	11 9	28	10 30
22	Wed.	5 8	6 50	13 42	12 27	2	sets.		11 57	●	11 15
23	Thu.	5 6	6 51	13 45	12 47	2	7	50	0 47	1	12
24	Frid.	5 5	6 52	13 47	13 7	2	8	57	1 40	2	0 15
25	Sat.	5 3	6 53	13 51	13 27	2	10	2	2 35	3	1 30
26	S.	5 2	6 54	13 52	13 46	2	11	3	3 33	4	1 45
27	Mon.	5 0	6 55	13 55	14 5	3	mor.		4 31	5	2 45
28	Tues.	4 59	6 56	13 57	14 24	3	0	0	5 29	6	3 30
29	Wed.	4 58	6 57	13 59	14 42	3	0	51	6 25	7	4 45
30	Thu.	4 56	6 59	14 3	15 1	3	1	36	7 20	8	5 45



MEMORANDA

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MAY.

The bitter-sweet, the haunting air,
Creepeth, bloweth everywhere ;
It preys on all, all prey on it,
Blooms in beauty, thinks in wit,
Stings the strong with enterprise,
Makes travellers long for Indian skies,
And where it comes this courier fleet
Fans in all hearts expectance sweet,
As if tomorrow should redeem
The vanished rose of evening's dream.
By houses lies a fresher green,
On men and maids a ruddier mien,
As if time brought a new relay
Of shining virgins every May,
And Summer came to ripen maids
To a beauty that not fades.

The ground-pines wash their rusty green,
The maple-tops their crimson tint,
On the soft path each track is seen,
The girl's foot leaves its neater print.
The pebble loosened from the frost
Asks of the urchin to be tost.
Infant and marble beats a heart,

The kind Earth takes her children's part,
The green lane is the school-boy's friend,
Low leaves his quarrel apprehend.
The fresh ground loves his top and ball,
The air rings jocund to his call,
The brimming brook invites a leap,
He dives the hollow, climbs the steep.
The youth reads omens where he goes,
And speaks all languages the rose.
The wood-fly mocks with tiny noise
The far halloo of human voice ;
The perfumed ferry on the spray
Smacks of faint memories far away.
A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings,
And striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form.

R. W. Emerson's " May-Day."

No one is good, cannot be useful, deserves not to be loved, if he has not something heavenly, either in his intellect through thoughts, or in his will through affections directed upwards.

It is a great happiness, a great fortune, to be born good

A part of goodness consists, perhaps, in esteeming and loving people more than they deserve ; but then a part of prudence is to believe that people are not always worth what we rate them at.

Most arts require long study and application ; but the most useful art of all—that of pleasing—requires only the desire.

May, 1868

MOON'S PHASES.

FULL MOON,..... 6d. 1h. 53m. P. M.
 LAST QUARTER, ...14d. 0h. 31m. P. M.
 NEW MOON, ...22d. 1h. 52m. A. M.
 FIRST QUARTER, ...28d. 6h. 58m. P. M.

D. Mo	Days of the Week.	SUN Rises. Sets.		Length of Days.	Sun's Dec. North.	☉ P.	☽ R & S	☽ So'ths.	☽ A.	HIGH WATER.	
No	Name.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	° ' "	m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.
1	Frid.	4 55	6 59	14 4	15 19	3	2 15	8 13	9	6 45	7 15
2	Sat.	4 53	7 1	14 8	15 37	3	2 50	9 14	10	8	8 30
3	S.	4 52	7 2	14 10	15 54	3	3 23	9 14	11	8 45	9 15
4	Mon.	4 51	7 3	14 12	16 11	3	3 56	10 44	12	9 45	10 15
5	Tues.	4 49	7 4	14 15	16 28	4	4 29	11 33	13	10 30	11
6	Wed.	4 48	7 5	14 17	16 45	4	rises	mor.	○	11 15	11 30
7	Thu.	4 47	7 6	14 19	17 2	4	8 3	0 23	15	12	—
8	Frid.	4 46	7 7	14 21	17 18	4	9 2	1 13	16	6 15	0 45
9	Sat.	4 45	7 8	14 23	17 34	4	9 57	2 03	17	1	1 30
10	S.	4 43	7 9	14 26	17 49	4	10 47	2 53	18	1 45	2
11	Mon.	4 42	7 10	14 28	18 5	4	11 31	3 42	19	2 30	2 45
12	Tues.	4 41	7 12	14 31	18 20	4	mor.	4 30	20	3 15	3 30
13	Wed.	4 40	7 13	14 33	18 34	4	0 11	5 17	21	4	4 30
14	Thu.	4 39	7 14	14 35	18 49	4	0 47	6 2	22	4 45	5 15
15	Frid.	4 38	7 15	14 37	19 3	4	1 19	6 47	23	5 45	6 15
16	Sat.	4 37	7 16	14 39	19 17	4	1 49	7 31	24	6 30	7
17	S.	4 36	7 17	14 41	19 30	4	2 18	8 15	25	7 30	8
18	Mon.	4 35	7 18	14 43	19 43	4	2 47	9 0	26	8 15	8 45
19	Tues.	4 34	7 19	14 45	19 56	4	3 17	9 47	27	9 15	9 30
20	Wed.	4 33	7 20	14 47	20 8	4	3 49	10 37	28	10	10 30
21	Thu.	4 32	7 21	14 49	20 21	4	sets.	11 29	29	10 45	11 15
22	Frid.	4 32	7 22	14 50	20 32	4	7 48	0 24	●	11 30	12
23	Sat.	4 31	7 23	14 52	20 44	3	8 54	1 23	1	—	0 30
24	S.	4 30	7 24	14 54	20 55	3	9 54	2 22	2	0 45	1 15
25	Mon.	4 29	7 24	14 55	21 5	3	10 48	3 22	3	1 45	2
26	Tues.	4 28	7 25	14 57	21 16	3	11 35	4 20	4	2 30	3
27	Wed.	4 28	7 26	14 58	21 26	3	mor.	5 17	5	3 30	4
28	Thu.	4 28	7 27	14 59	21 35	3	0 17	6 10	6	4 30	5
29	Frid.	4 27	7 28	15 1	21 44	3	0 54	7 2	7	5 30	6
30	Sat.	4 26	7 29	15 3	21 53	3	1 28	7 51	8	6 30	7
31	S.	4 26	7 30	15 4	22 2	3	2 0	8 40	9	7 30	8



MEMORANDA

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[From Poems " Grave and Gay," by Geo. Arnold.]

FIRE-FLIES.

'Tis June, and all the lowland swamps
Are rich with tufted reeds and ferns,
And filmy with the vaporous damps
That rise when twilight's crimson burns ;
And as the deepening dusk of night
Steals purpling up from vale to height,
The wanton fire-flies show their fitful light.

Soft gleams on clover-beams they fling,
And glimmer in each shadowy dell,
Or downward with a sudden swing
Fall, as of old a Pleiad fell ;
And on the fields bright gems they strew
And up and down the meadow go,
And through the forest wander to and fro.

They store no hive nor earthly cell,
They sip no honey from the rose ;
By day unseen, unknown they dwell,
Nor aught of their rare gift disclose ;
Yet, when the night upon the swamps,
Calls out the murk and misty damps,
They pierce the shadows with their shining lamps.

Now ye, who in life's garish light,
 Unseen, unknown, walk to and fro,
 When death shall bring a dreamless night,
 May ye not find your lamps aglow?
 God works, we know not why nor how,
 And, one day, lights, close hidden now,
 May blaze like gems upon an angel's brow.

POT CULTURE OF ROSES.

The China Rose, commonly known as the "Monthly Rose," is very beautiful and graceful. It is quite tender, requiring a much warmer temperature and more light than most house-plants. The soil used in potting should consist of four parts of rich, black loam or leaf mould, into two parts of rotted hog manure and a slight mixture of sand. The soil should be well intermixed. Pruning is also essential, and as the eyes will break anywhere, if a branch becomes too long, lop it off without hesitation. Charcoal in the bottom of pots for drainage, and slightly mixed through the soil, makes the plants healthy and imparts brilliancy to the flowers.

REPROVING CHILDREN.

1. Reprove without anger. Passion destroys the moral power of a rebuke.
 2. Reprove with consideration. Take the best view of the case, not the worst.
 3. Let your reproof be directed to the reason and conscience. Thereby you educate the child.
 4. Reprove gently. "Thy gentleness hath made me great."
 5. Don't always reprove. "Molasses catches more flies than vinegar."
- "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged."

[From the Traveller.]

WHAT AILS THEE, JUNE?

“Heigho ! the wind and the rain,
For the rain it raineth every day.”

What ails thee, June, that thou dost pout and frown,
And darkly moan in melancholy songs,—
Wearing upon thy brows a cloudy crown,
And not the rose-wreath that to thee belongs ?
With clasped hands across thine azure eyes,
Thou comest a Niobe all tears and sighs !

In thy young sister, April, we expect
Such wayward ways, for she is in her teens ;
But seen in thee, who art the bride elect,
In sooth, we know not what such conduct means ;
For lo thou dost withhold thy promised boon,
Though we have wooed thee ardently, sweet June !

Long have we waited for thy warm embrace,
And bravely battled through the wintry way ;
In expectation kissed thy glowing face ;
While constant hope illumed each sunless day ;
In wildest storms thy sweet notes seemed to gush,
And 'neath the snows we saw thy roses blush !

Now thou art come—the bride-month of the year,
Oh, loveliest June ! yet how unlike our dreams,
Since not in wedding robes dost thou appear,
And from thy downcast eyes no love-light gleams ;
In sable weeds, a sad funereal train,—
Thou movest with all thine hours athwart the plain !

Oh, virgin June! yet deign awhile to shine;
For tireless Time is ever on the move:
But thirty days of all the year are thine,
Then should not each be overfilled with love?
By nameless streams, broad meads and clust'ring flowers,
In shady caves, deep dells and forest bowers;—

On far-off lakes with islets studded o'er;
By thundering floods; on mountains' breezy steep;
Or where green billows lave the rocky shore;
Or spectral ice-bergs gleam along the deep;
Or careless stretch beneath ancestral trees,
By babbling brooklets lulled and murmuring breeze!

Like all that we have cherished, so wilt thou
Too soon be mingled with the dreamy past!
Our festive wreaths are fading even now,—
The joys of earth were never meant to last;
Then be our wills to Heaven submissive bowed,—
For He who spread the skies obscures them with a cloud!

C. Henry St. John.

Boston, June, 1866.

In the chapel of St. George at Windsor Castle, lies buried the royal dust for several centuries. Only royal dust can rest there, Victoria but not her husband, her Father, but not her Mother.

James I. son of Mary Queen of Scots, was born in the Castle on the top of Edinburgh. When eight days old, he was let down from a window 250 feet in a basket, and taken to Sterling to receive Romish baptism.

June, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

FULL MOON, ... 5d. 2h. 11m. A. M.
 LAST QUARTER, ... 13d. 5h. 29m. A. M.
 NEW MOON, ... 20d. 10h. 1m. A. M.
 FIRST QUARTER, ... 27d. 1h. 6m. A. M.

D. Mo	Days of the Week.	SUN Rises.	SUN Sets.	Length of Days.	Sun's Dec. North.	☉ P.	☽ R & S	☽ So th s.	☽ A.	HIGH WATER. Morn.	HIGH WATER. Eve.
No	Name.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	o	m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.
1	Mon.	4 25	7 30	15 5	22 10	2	2 32	9 28	10	8 30	8 45
2	Tues.	4 25	7 31	15 6	22 17	2	3 4	10 17	11	9 15	9 45
3	Wed.	4 25	7 32	15 7	22 25	2	3 38	11 06	12	10	10 30
4	Thu.	4 24	7 32	15 8	22 32	2	4 15	11 56	13	10 45	11 15
5	Frid.	4 24	7 33	15 9	22 38	2	rises	mor	○	11 30	12
6	Sat.	4 23	7 34	15 11	22 44	2	8 41	0 46	15	—	0 15
7	S.	4 23	7 34	15 11	22 50	1	9 27	1 35	16	0 30	1
8	Mon.	4 23	7 35	15 12	22 55	1	10 9	2 24	17	1 15	1 45
9	Tues.	4 23	7 35	15 12	23 0	1	10 46	3 11	18	2	2 30
10	Wed.	4 22	7 36	15 14	23 5	1	11 19	3 57	19	2 45	3
11	Thu.	4 22	7 36	15 14	23 9	1	11 50	4 42	20	3 30	3 45
12	Frid.	4 22	7 37	15 15	23 12	0	mor.	5 26	21	4 15	4 30
13	Sat.	4 22	7 37	15 15	23 16	0	0 19	6 09	22	5	5 30
14	S.	4 22	7 38	15 16	23 19	S.	0 48	6 53	23	5 45	6 15
15	Mon.	4 22	7 38	15 16	23 21	0	1 16	7 38	24	6 45	7 15
16	Tues.	4 22	7 38	15 16	23 23	0	1 46	8 25	25	7 45	8
17	Wed.	4 22	7 39	15 17	23 25	1	2 20	9 16	26	8 30	9
18	Thu.	4 23	7 39	15 17	23 26	1	2 59	10 9	27	9 30	10
19	Frid.	4 23	7 40	15 17	23 27	1	3 42	11 06	28	10 30	10 45
20	Sat.	4 23	7 40	15 17	23 27	1	sets.	0 7	☾	11 15	11 45
21	S.	4 23	7 40	15 17	23 27	2	8 40	1 8	1	—	0 15
22	Mon.	4 23	7 40	15 17	23 27	2	9 31	2 9	2	0 30	1
23	Tues.	4 24	7 40	15 16	23 26	2	10 16	3 9	3	1 30	2
24	Wed.	4 24	7 40	15 16	23 25	2	10 56	4 5	4	2 15	2 45
25	Thu.	4 24	7 40	15 16	23 23	2	11 32	4 58	5	3 15	3 45
26	Frid.	4 25	7 40	15 15	23 21	3	mor.	5 49	6	4	4 30
27	Sat.	4 25	7 40	15 15	23 18	3	0 4	6 38	7	5	5 30
28	S.	4 25	7 40	15 15	23 15	3	0 35	7 27	8	6	6 30
29	Mon.	4 26	7 40	15 14	23 12	3	1 6	8 15	9	7	7 30
30	Tues.	4 26	7 40	15 14	23 8	3	1 39	9 03	10	8	8 30



MEMORANDA FOR



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SONG.

[From Whittier's poem, "*The Tent on the Beach.*"]

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play ;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far ;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea.

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine ;
From folded leaf and dewey cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer ;
The altar curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With dropping head and branches crossed
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room, like a beautiful fire-fly whose happy circumvolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.

Modesty and humility are the sobriety of the mind ;
temperance and chastity are the sobriety of the body.

July, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

FULL MOON, ... 4d. 3h. 55m. P. M.
 LAST QUARTER, ... 12d. 7h. 56m. P. M.
 NEW MOON, ... 19d. 5h. 12m. P. M.
 FIRST QUARTER, ... 26d. 9h. 7m. A. M.

D. Mo	Days of the Week.	SUN		Length of Days.	Sun's Dec. North.	☉ S.	☾ R & S	☾ So'ths.	☾ A.	HIGH WATER	
No	Name	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	o	m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.
1	Wed.	4 27	7 40	15 13	23 4	4	2 16	9 52	11	8 45	9 15
2	Thu.	4 27	7 40	15 13	23 0	4	2 56	10 41	12	9 45	10
3	Frid.	4 28	7 40	15 12	22 55	4	3 38	11 30	13	10 30	10 45
4	Sat.	4 28	7 40	15 12	22 50	4	rises	mor.	○	11 15	11 30
5	S.	4 29	7 39	15 10	22 44	4	8 8	0 19	15	12	—
6	Mon.	4 29	7 39	15 10	22 38	5	8 46	1 7	16	0 15	0 30
7	Tues.	4 30	7 39	15 9	22 31	5	9 21	1 53	17	1	1 15
8	Wed.	4 31	7 38	15 7	22 24	5	9 53	2 38	18	1 30	2
9	Thu.	4 32	7 38	15 6	22 17	5	10 23	3 22	19	2 15	2 30
10	Frid.	4 33	7 37	15 4	22 9	5	10 51	4 6	20	3	3 15
11	Sat.	4 33	7 37	15 4	22 1	5	11 18	4 49	21	3 30	4
12	S.	4 34	7 36	15 2	21 53	5	11 47	5 32	22	4 15	4 45
13	Mon.	4 35	7 36	15 1	21 44	5	mor.	6 17	23	5	5 30
14	Tues.	4 36	7 35	14 59	21 35	6	0 18	7 5	24	6	6 30
15	Wed.	4 36	7 34	14 58	21 25	6	0 53	7 55	25	7	7 30
16	Thu.	4 37	7 34	14 57	21 15	6	1 33	8 50	26	8	8 30
17	Frid.	4 38	7 33	14 55	21 5	6	2 20	9 48	27	9	9 30
18	Sat.	4 39	7 32	14 53	20 55	6	3 15	10 48	28	10	10 30
19	S.	4 40	7 32	14 52	20 44	6	sets.	11 51	●	11	11 30
20	Mon.	4 41	7 31	14 50	20 32	6	8 8	0 52	1	12	—
21	Tues.	4 42	7 30	14 48	20 21	6	8 51	1 52	2	0 15	0 45
22	Wed.	4 43	7 29	14 46	20 9	6	9 30	2 49	3	1 15	1 45
23	Thu.	4 44	7 28	14 44	19 56	6	10 5	3 42	4	2	2 30
24	Frid.	4 44	7 28	14 44	19 44	6	10 38	4 34	5	2 45	3 15
25	Sat.	4 45	7 27	14 42	19 31	6	11 10	5 23	6	3 45	4
26	S.	4 46	7 26	14 40	19 17	6	11 43	6 12	7	4 30	5
27	Mon.	4 47	7 25	14 38	19 4	6	mor.	7 1	8	5 30	6
28	Tues.	4 48	7 23	14 35	18 50	6	0 17	7 49	9	6 30	7
29	Wed.	4 49	7 22	14 33	18 36	6	0 55	8 38	10	7 30	8
30	Thu.	4 50	7 21	14 31	18 21	6	1 37	9 27	11	8 15	8 45
31	Frid.	4 51	7 20	14 29	18 6	6	2 23	10 16	12	9 15	9 45



MEMORANDA FOR



JULY.

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AUGUST.

[From "*The Tent on the Beach.*"]

And there, on breezy morns, they saw
The fishing-schooners outward run,
Their low-bent sails in tack and flaw
Turned white or dark to shade and sun.
Sometimes, in calms of closing day,
They watched the spectral mirage play,
Saw low, far islands looming tall and nigh,
And ships, with upturned keels, sail like a sea the sky.

Sometimes a cloud, with thunder black,
Stooped low upon the darkening main,
Piercing the waves along its track
With the slant javelins of rain.
And when west-wind and sunshine warm
Chased out to sea its wrecks of storm,
They saw the prisms hues in thin spray showers
Where the green buds of waves burst into white froth
flowers.

And when along the line of shore
The mists crept upward chill and damp,

Stretched, careless, on their sandy floor
Beneath the flaring lantern lamp,
They talked of all things old and new,
Read, slept, and dreamed as idlers do ;
And in the unquestioned freedom of the tent,
Body and o'er-taxed mind to healthful ease unbent.

AFTER.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun ;
After the snow, the emerald leaves ;
Silver stars when the day is done ;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky ;
After the tempest, the lull of waves ;
Quiet woods when the winds go by ;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells ;
After the bud, the radiant rose ;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells ;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed ;
After the fight, the downy rest ;
After the furrow, the waking seed ;
After the shadowy river—rest !

August, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

FULL MOON,..... 3d. 7h. 8m. A. M.
 LAST QUARTER,..... 11d. 7h. 44m. A. M.
 NEW MOON,..... 18d. 0h. 27m. A. M.
 FIRST QUARTER, ... 24d. 8h. 3m. P. M.

D. Mo	Days of the Week.	SUN. Rises. Sets.		Length of Days.	Sun's Dec. North.	☉ s.	M. R & S	☾ So'ths.	☾ A.	HIGH WATER. Morn. Eve.			
No	Name.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	o	m	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
1	Sat.	4 52	7 19	14 27	17 51	6	3 12	11 4	13	10		10 30	
2	S.	4 53	7 18	14 25	17 35	6	4 4	11 51	14	10 45		11 15	
3	Mon.	4 54	7 17	14 23	17 20	6	rises	mor.	○	11 30		11 45	
4	Tues.	4 55	7 15	14 20	17 4	6	7 55	0 36	16	—		0 15	
5	Wed.	4 57	7 14	14 17	16 47	6	8 26	1 21	17	0 30		0 45	
6	Thu.	4 58	7 13	14 15	16 31	6	8 54	2 4	18	1		1 30	
7	Frid.	4 59	7 12	14 13	16 14	5	9 22	2 47	19	1 45		2	
8	Sat.	4 0	7 10	14 10	15 57	5	9 50	3 30	20	2 15		2 45	
9	S.	5 1	7 9	14 8	15 39	5	10 19	4 14	21	3		3 15	
10	Mon.	5 2	7 8	14 6	15 22	5	10 51	4 59	22	3 45		4	
11	Tues.	5 3	7 6	14 3	15 4	5	11 27	5 47	23	4 30		5	
12	W	5 4	7 5	14 1	14 46	5	mor.	6 38	24	5 30		6	
13	Thu.	5 5	7 3	13 58	14 28	5	0 10	7 32	25	6 30		7	
14	Frid.	5 6	7 2	13 56	14 9	4	1 0	8 30	26	7 45		8 15	
15	Sat.	5 7	7 0	13 53	13 50	4	1 58	9 31	27	8 45		9 15	
16	S.	5 8	6 59	13 51	13 31	4	3 5	10 32	28	9 45		10 15	
17	Mon.	5 9	6 57	13 48	13 12	4	sets.	11 33	29	10 45		11 15	
18	Tues.	5 10	6 56	13 46	12 52	3	7 23	0 32	●	11 45		—	
19	Wed.	5 11	6 54	13 43	12 33	3	8 0	1 28	1	—		0 30	
20	Thu.	5 13	6 53	13 40	12 13	3	8 35	2 22	2	0 45		1 15	
21	Frid.	5 14	6 51	13 37	11 53	3	9 9	3 15	3	1 45		2	
22	Sat.	5 15	6 50	13 35	11 33	3	9 43	4 6	4	2 30		2 45	
23	S.	5 16	6 48	13 32	11 12	2	10 18	4 56	5	3 15		3 30	
24	Mon.	5 17	6 47	13 30	10 52	2	10 55	5 45	6	4		4 30	
25	Tues.	5 18	6 45	13 27	10 31	2	11 36	6 34	7	5		5 30	
26	Wed.	5 19	6 43	13 24	10 10	1	mor.	7 24	8	6		6 30	
27	Thu.	5 20	6 42	13 22	9 49	1	0 21	8 13	9	7		7 30	
28	Frid.	5 21	6 40	13 19	9 28	1	1 9	9 1	10	8		8 15	
29	Sat.	5 22	6 39	13 17	9 6	1	2 0	9 48	11	8 45		9 15	
30	S.	5 23	6 37	13 14	8 45	0	2 54	10 34	12	9 30		10	
31	Mon.	5 24	6 35	13 11	8 53	0	3 50	11 19	13	10 15		10 45	



MEMORANDA

FOR



AUGUST.

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SUMMER DYING.

MRS MARY CLEMMER AMES.

On the scarlet mountains yonder,
Summer lies down to die ;
She gathers her robes of splendor,
Around her royally.

Her tender, purpling mosses
Pillow her royal head ;
Her myriad, gentle grasses
Are weeping about her bed.

It failed, the precious promise
Of her beauty's golden reign,
It came, the loss, the longing,
The silence, and the pain.
She was cruel in her splendor,
She mocked us in its reign ;
She held her careless carnival
Above our idol slain.

'Tis not the hand that crowns us,
The hand held out to bless ;
'Tis the hand that robs and wrongs us,
That we oftenest caress.

Still, O, beguiling Summer,
We o'er thy beauty lean ;
Thou did'st rob us, yet we love thee,
Discrowned, we hail the queen.

All passionate fervor faded,
With eyes at last serene,
Turned towards thy conqueror, Autumn,
Thou art dying, O, our queen !
All that thou gavest to us,
In thy morning's gracious glow,
All thou hast taken from us,
Only our God can know.

Let us count up our treasures of kindred ; they are our best. Is there any tie which absence has loosened, or which the wear and tear of every-day intercourse, little uncongenialties, unconfessed misunderstandings, have fretted into the heart, until it bears something of the nature of a fetter ? Any relationship we have not fully realized for want of dwelling on it ? Any cup at our hometable whose sweetness we have not fully tasted, though it might yet make of our daily bread a continual feast ?

Let us reckon up these treasures while they are still ours, in thankfulness to God. Tightly, tenderly, let us bind these blessed ties around our hearts. Let not their strength be first felt when broken. Now, *now* let us learn the full worth of our human relationships, counting over, as the veriest misers, the full amount of this our best wealth, that we may use it and enjoy it richly as God would have us.—“*Mary the Handmaid of the Lord.*” (p. 126.)

September 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

FULL MOON, ... 1d. 11h. 13m. P. M.
 LAST QUARTER, ... 9d. 5h. 20m. P. M.
 NEW MOON, ... 16d. 8h. 35m. A. M.
 FIRST QUARTER, ... 23d. 10h. 38m. A. M.

D. Mo	Days of the Week.	SUN		Length of Days.	Sun's Dec. North.	☉	☾	☾	☾	High W. A.	T.	
No	Name.	Rises.	Sets.				R & S	So'ths.	A.	Morn.	Eve	
		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	°	m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.	
1	Tues.	5 25	6 33	13 8	8 1	0	4 46	mor.	○	11	11 15	
2	Wed.	5 26	6 32	13 6	7 39	1	rises	0 3	15	11 45	12	
3	Thu.	5 27	6 30	13 3	7 17	1	7 26	0 46	16	—	0 15	
4	Frid.	5 28	6 28	13 0	6 55	1	7 53	1 29	17	0 30	1	
5	Sat.	5 29	6 27	12 58	6 33	2	8 22	2 13	18	1 15	1 30	
6	S.	5 30	6 25	12 55	6 10	2	8 53	2 57	19	1 45	2 15	
7	Mon.	5 32	6 23	12 51	5 48	2	9 27	3 44	20	2 30	3	
8	Tues.	5 33	6 21	12 49	5 25	3	10 6	4 33	21	3 15	3 45	
9	Wed.	5 34	6 20	12 46	5 2	3	10 51	5 25	22	4	4 30	
10	Thu.	5 35	6 18	12 43	4 40	3	11 44	6 19	23	5	5 30	
11	Frid.	5 36	6 16	12 40	4 17	4	mor.	7 16	24	6 15	6 45	
12	Sat.	5 37	6 14	12 37	3 54	4	0 45	8 15	25	7 15	8	
13	S.	5 38	6 13	12 35	3 31	4	1 52	9 15	26	8 30	9	
14	Mon.	5 39	6 11	12 32	3 8	5	3 4	10 13	27	9 30	10	
15	Tues.	5 40	6 9	12 29	2 45	5	4 20	11 11	28	10 30	11	
16	Wed.	5 41	6 7	12 26	2 21	5	sets.	0 6	●	11 15	11 45	
17	Thu.	5 42	6 6	12 24	1 58	6	7 3	1 0	1	—		
18	Frid.	5 43	6 4	12 21	1 35	6	7 38	1 53	2	0 30	0 45	
19	Sat.	5 44	6 2	12 18	1 11	7	8 13	2 45	3	1 15	1 30	
20	S.	5 45	6 0	12 15	0 48	7	8 50	3 36	4	2	2 15	
21	Mon.	5 46	5 59	12 13	0 25	7	9 30	4 27	5	2 45	3 15	
22	Tues.	5 47	5 57	12 10	N 1	8	10 14	5 18	6	3 30	4	
23	Wed.	5 49	5 55	12 6	S 23	8	11 2	6 7	7	4 30	5	
24	Thu.	5 50	5 53	12 3	0 45	8	11 53	6 56	8	5 15	5 45	
25	Frid.	5 51	5 52	12 1	1 9	9	mor.	7 44	9	6 15	6 45	
26	Sat.	5 52	5 50	11 58	1 32	9	0 46	8 30	10	7 15	7 45	
27	S.	5 53	5 48	11 55	1 56	9	1 41	9 16	11	8 15	8 45	
28	Mon.	5 54	5 46	11 52	2 19	10	2 38	10 0	12	9	9 30	
29	Tues.	5 55	5 45	11 50	2 42	10	3 36	10 43	13	9 45	10 15	
30	Wed.	5 56	5 43	11 47	3 6	10	4 35	11 27	14	10 30	10 45	



MEMORANDA

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UNDER THE CHESTNUT BOUGHS.

BY THOMAS HOOD, JR.

We hear the cuckoo far away
Go wandering through the wood ;
As we heard it many years ago,
When in this place we stood.
As then the daisies stud the grass,
The trees burst into bud ;
Green grow the arches overhead,
And green the mirror-flood—
Under the Chestnut Boughs !

Oh, many, many years ago
We heard the cuckoo's tones,
And saw the branches overhead
Waving their snowy cones.
Ah, many, many years ago,
Our daughter's tiny hand
Was clasped in ours, when here we stood
Where now alone we stand—
Under the Chestnut Boughs !

The silver flecks your hair, my wife,
The wrinkles mark my brow :

But Time can touch our hearts no more
Than it can touch her now.
So many, many years ago,
And yet our Love 's the same,
While Grief has blossomed into Hope,
And we can breathe her name—
Under the Chestnut Boughs!

LITTLE CHILDREN.—Christ's tender recognition of little children was part of his call. Little children are included in the kingdom of heaven; and in this particular Christ's idea of the Church, which must be the true idea, is totally different from current ecclesiastical notions. It is now taught that children have to be converted; but Christ taught that men were to become converted, and to be like little children—a direct inversion of narrow theological churchmanship. It is declared that children are born corrupt, but where is Christ's authority for saying so? Christ said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Whatever was of the nature of that kingdom must go to Christ. As the founder of a permanent monarchy, Christ knew the value of young life. When the blood is fresh the enthusiasm is fervid; and what is a monarch if he be not supported by the passionate love of the national heart? *Passive* allegiance is a pompous circumlocution which signifies death.—*Ecce Deus.*

A child's faith in his mother is well illustrated by the following incident: "A little boy, disputing with his sister on some subject, exclaimed, 'It is true, for mother says so; and if she says so, it is so, if it ain't so.'"

October, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

FULL MOON,..... 1d. 3h. 14m. P. M.

LAST QUARTER,..... 9d. 1h. 30m. A. M.

NEW MOON,..... 15d. 6h. 17m. P. M.

FIRST QUARTER,..... 23d. 4h. 58m. A. M.

FULL MOON,..... 31d. 6h. 21m. A. M.

Mo	Days of the Week.	SUN		Length of Day.	Sun's Dec. South.	☉ P.	☾ R & S		☾ So'ths.	☾ A.	HIGH WATER.	
		Rises.	Sets.				Morn.	Eve.				
No	Name.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	°	m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.
1	Thu.	5 57	5 41	11 44	3 29	11	5 34	mor.	○	11 15	11 30	
2	Frid.	5 58	5 39	11 41	3 52	11	rises	0 11	16	11 45	—	
3	Sat.	6 0	5 38	11 38	4 16	11	6 55	0 56	17	—	0 30	
4	S.	6 1	5 36	11 35	4 39	11	7 28	1 42	18	0 45	1	
5	Mon.	6 2	5 34	11 32	5 2	12	8 5	2 30	19	1 30	1 45	
6	Tues.	6 3	5 33	11 30	5 25	12	8 48	3 21	20	2 15	2 30	
7	Wed.	6 4	5 31	11 27	5 48	12	9 38	4 14	21	3	3 15	
8	Thu.	6 5	5 29	11 24	6 11	13	10 35	5 10	22	3 45	4 15	
9	Frid.	6 6	5 27	11 21	6 34	13	11 38	6 7	23	4 45	5 15	
10	Sat.	6 8	5 26	11 18	6 56	13	mor.	7 4	24	6	6 30	
11	S.	6 9	5 24	11 15	7 19	13	0 46	8 1	25	7	7 45	
12	Mon.	6 10	5 23	11 13	7 42	14	1 57	8 57	26	8 15	8 45	
13	Tues.	6 11	5 21	11 10	8 4	14	3 10	9 52	27	9 15	9 45	
14	Wed.	6 12	5 19	11 7	8 26	14	4 23	10 45	28	10	10 30	
15	Thu.	6 14	5 18	11 4	8 49	14	5 36	11 38	●	11	11 15	
16	Frid.	6 15	5 16	11 1	9 11	15	sets.	0 30	1	11 45	—	
17	Sat.	6 16	5 15	10 59	9 33	15	6 43	1 23	2	—	0 30	
18	S.	6 17	5 13	10 56	9 54	15	7 23	2 15	3	0 45	1 15	
19	Mon.	6 18	5 11	10 53	10 16	15	8 7	3 7	4	1 30	2	
20	Tues.	6 19	5 10	10 51	10 38	15	8 54	3 58	5	2 15	2 45	
21	Wed.	6 20	5 8	10 48	10 59	15	9 44	4 49	6	3	3 30	
22	Thu.	6 22	5 7	10 45	11 20	16	10 37	5 38	7	4	4 15	
23	Frid.	6 23	5 5	10 42	11 41	16	11 32	6 25	8	4 45	5 15	
24	Sat.	6 24	5 4	10 40	12 2	16	mor.	7 11	9	5 45	6 15	
25	S.	6 25	5 3	10 38	12 23	16	0 28	7 55	10	6 45	7	
26	Mon.	6 26	5 1	10 35	12 43	16	1 26	8 39	11	7 30	8	
27	Tues.	6 28	5 0	10 32	13 3	16	2 24	9 22	12	8 30	8 45	
28	Wed.	6 29	4 58	10 29	13 23	16	3 23	10 6	13	9 15	9 30	
29	Thu.	6 30	4 57	10 27	13 43	16	4 23	10 51	14	10	10 15	
30	Frid.	6 31	4 56	10 25	14 3	16	5 24	11 37	15	10 45	11	
31	Sat.	6 33	4 54	10 21	14 23	16	rises.	mor.	16	11 15	11 45	



MEMORANDA FOR



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AUTUMN.

I.

The rooks are calling, calling, calling,
The rooks are calling from the tree ;
The wither'd leaves are falling, falling,
And the winds sigh heavily :
And the human soul at this rotting hour,
With the drooping flower,
Doth inward groan,
And to its fellow maketh grievous moan.

II.

Yet not with man and flower alone
Hath this year's time
Lost all its golden prime,
And sadden'd into languor and decay ;
But, one by one,
Heaven's choristers have gone,
And taken all their song away, away.

III.

I saw the fruitage shaken, shaken,
I saw the fruitage shaken from the tree ;
And when the boughs knew all their riches taken,
They bent in agony.

And now for very grief,
Scarce a leaf
Doth upward turn its face of yellowing hue
To sun or dew.

IV.

But all these earth-bow'd trees, though dying, dying,
Bear summ'd within them seed for other years.
Then take, my soul, the burden of their sighing,
And stay these blinding tears.
We live, bear fruit, and fade on earth,
Till the even of life's story ;
And only in yon land whence we had birth
Inherit undecaying glory !

MORNING IN INDIAN SUMMER.

The heavens to their zenith gleam with light,
As grand as that which glowed on Bethlehem,
When peace was to the sin-stained world proclaimed :
The stars recede, most loyal host of night !
The hills are hazy in their morning dream,
And o'er the russet-fields the drifting shrub-leaves flame.
The elm stands shorn and sad—but sumac vies
With vine and maple in ensanguined dyes !
Now in the east a golden flash appears,
And soon the sun in royal splendor takes
His throne—sage monarch of six thousand years !
His sceptre high he wields ; cheered nature wakes,
Puts on her pilgrim robes, and soon will be
A day's march nearer to eternity !

Edward P. Nowell.

November, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

LAST QUARTER,..... 7d. 9h. 3m. A. M.
 NEW MOON,.....14d. 6h. 11m. A. M.
 FIRST QUARTER,.....22d. 2h. 2m. A. M.
 FULL MOON,.....29d. 8h. 16m. P. M.

D. Mo	Days of the Week.	SUN		Length of Days.	Sun's Dec. South.	☉	☾	☾	☾	HIGH WATER.			
No	Name.	Rises.	Sets.			r.	R & S	So'ths.	A.	Morn.	Eve.		
		h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	o ' "	m.	h. m.	h. m.	d.	h. m.	h. m.		
1	S.	6 34	4 53	10 19	14 42	16	6 4	0 25	17	12			
2	Mon.	6 35	4 52	10 17	15 1	16	6 45	1 16	18	0 15	0 45		
3	Tues.	6 36	4 51	10 15	15 19	16	7 34	2 10	19	1	1 30		
4	Wed.	6 38	4 49	10 11	15 38	16	8 29	3 6	20	2	2 15		
5	Thu.	6 39	4 48	10 9	15 56	16	9 30	4 3	21	2 45	3 15		
6	Frid.	6 40	4 47	10 7	16 14	16	10 36	5 0	22	3 30	4		
7	Sat.	6 41	4 46	10 5	16 31	16	11 45	5 56	23	4 30	5 15		
8	S.	6 43	4 45	10 2	16 49	16	mor.	6 51	24	5 45	6 15		
9	Mon.	6 44	4 44	10 0	17 6	16	0 55	7 44	25	6 45	7 15		
10	Tues.	6 45	4 43	9 58	17 23	16	2 6	8 36	26	7 45	8 15		
11	Wed.	6 46	4 42	9 56	17 39	16	3 16	9 27	27	8 45	9 15		
12	Thu.	6 48	4 41	9 53	17 55	16	4 26	10 19	28	9 45	10		
13	Frid.	6 49	4 40	9 51	18 11	15	5 35	11 10	29	10 30	11		
14	Sat.	6 50	4 39	9 49	18 27	15	sets.	0 2	●	11 15	11 45		
15	S.	6 52	4 38	9 46	18 42	15	5 57	0 54	1				
16	Mon.	6 53	4 37	9 44	18 57	15	6 43	1 47	2	0 30	0 45		
17	Tues.	6 54	4 36	9 42	19 12	15	7 32	2 39	3	1 15	1 30		
18	Wed.	6 55	4 35	9 40	19 26	15	8 24	3 29	4	2	2 15		
19	Thu.	6 56	4 35	9 39	19 40	14	9 19	4 18	5	2 45	3		
20	Frid.	6 58	4 34	9 36	19 53	14	10 16	5 5	6	3 30	3 45		
21	Sat.	6 59	4 33	9 34	20 6	14	11 13	5 50	7	4 15	4 30		
22	S.	7 0	4 33	9 33	20 19	13	mor.	6 34	8	5	5 30		
23	Mon.	7 1	4 32	9 31	20 31	13	0 11	7 17	9	6	6 15		
24	Tues.	7 2	4 32	9 30	20 43	13	1 9	8 0	10	6 45	7 15		
25	Wed.	7 4	4 31	9 27	20 55	13	2 8	8 43	11	7 45	8		
26	Thu.	7 5	4 31	9 26	21 6	12	3 8	9 29	12	8 30	9		
27	Frid.	7 6	4 30	9 24	21 17	12	4 11	10 16	13	9 15	9 45		
28	Sat.	7 7	4 30	9 23	21 28	12	5 15	11 7	14	10	10 30		
29	S.	7 8	4 29	9 21	21 38	11	6 20	mor.	○	11	11 15		
30	Mon.	7 9	4 29	9 20	21 47	11	rises	0 0	16	11 45			



MEMORANDA FOR



NOVEMBER.

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THE CHRITMAS BELLS.

The bells—the bells—the Christmas bells,
How merrily they ring !
As if they felt the joy they tell
To every human thing.
The silvery tones, o'er vale and hill,
Are swelling soft and clear,
As, wave on wave, the tide of sound
Fills the bright atmosphere.

The bells—the merry Christmas bells,
They're ringing in the morn !
They ring when in the eastern sky
The golden light is born ;
They ring, as sunshine tips the hills,
And gilds the village spire—
When, through the sky, the sovereign sun
Rolls his full orb of fire.

The Christmas bells—the Christmas bells,
How merrily they ring !
To weary hearts a pulse of joy,
A kindlier life they bring.

The poor man on his couch of straw,
The rich, on downy bed,
Hail the glad sounds, as voices sweet
Of angels overhead.

The bells—the silvery Christmas bells,
O'er many a mile they sound !
And household tones are answering them
In thousand homes around,
Voices of childhood, blithe and shrill
With youth's strong accents blend,
And manhood's deep and earnest tones
With woman's praise ascend.

The bells—the solemn Christmas bells,
They're calling us to prayer ;
And hark the voice of worshippers
Floats on the morning air.
Anthems of noblest praise there 'll be,
And glorious hymns today,
TE DEUMS loud—and GLORIAS ;
Come, to the church—away.

TREASURES OF THE SNOW.

I read a story once of what had happened in one of the new English colonies. It was a land where the snow fell but seldom. The children had grown up to a good age, without once seeing it. One day, the thick flakes began to fall ; the children were terrified ; they shrank back from it,—did not know what to make of it ; but the parents ran out to welcome what it was the first impulse of the children to fear. The unknown wonder of the one was the welcome visitor of the other, bringing hosts of kindly

December, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

LAST QUARTER, ... 6d. 4h. 50m. P. M.

NEW MOON, ... 13d. 8h. 49m. P. M.

FIRST QUARTER, ... 21d. 11h. 44m. P. M.

FULL MOON, ... 29d. 9h. 3m. A. M.

D. Mo	Days of the Week.	SUN Rises. Sets.		Length of Days.	Sun's Dec. South.	☉ P.	☾ R & S	☾ So'ths.	☾ A.	HIGH WATER. Morn. Eve.	
No	Name.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	o	m.	h. m.	h. m. d.		h. m.	h. m.
1	Tues.	7 10	4 29	9 19	21 57	11	6 20	0 57 17	—	0 30	
2	Wed.	7 11	4 28	9 17	22 5	10	7 21	1 55 18	0 45	1 15	
3	Thu.	7 12	4 28	9 16	22 14	10	8 27	2 54 19	1 45	2 15	
4	Frid.	7 13	4 28	9 15	22 22	9	9 36	3 52 20	2 30	3	
5	Sat.	7 14	4 28	9 14	22 29	9	10 46	4 48 21	3 30	4	
6	S.	7 15	4 28	9 13	22 36	8	11 56	5 41 22	4 15	4 45	
7	Mon.	7 16	4 28	9 12	22 43	8	mor.	6 33 23	5 15	6	
8	Tues.	7 17	4 28	9 11	22 49	8	1 5	7 24 24	6 30	7	
9	Wed.	7 18	4 28	9 10	22 55	7	2 13	8 13 25	7 30	8	
10	Thu.	7 19	4 28	9 9	23 0	7	3 21	9 3 26	8 15	8 45	
11	Frid.	7 20	4 28	9 8	23 5	6	4 28	9 54 27	9 15	9 45	
12	Sat.	7 20	4 28	9 8	23 9	6	5 33	10 45 28	10 15	10 30	
13	S.	7 21	4 28	9 7	23 13	5	6 36	11 37	11	11 15	
14	Mon.	7 22	4 29	9 7	23 16	5	sets.	0 28	1 11 45		
15	Tues.	7 23	4 29	9 6	23 19	4	6 14	1 20 2	—	0 30	
16	Wed.	7 23	4 29	9 6	23 22	4	7 8	2 10 3	0 45	1	
17	Thu.	7 24	4 29	9 5	23 24	3	8 4	2 58 4	1 30	1 45	
18	Frid.	7 25	4 29	9 4	23 25	3	9 1	3 44 5	2 15	2 30	
19	Sat.	7 25	4 30	9 5	23 26	2	9 59	4 28 6	3	3 15	
20	S.	7 26	4 31	9 5	23 27	2	10 57	5 11 7	3 30	4	
21	Mon.	7 26	4 31	9 5	23 27	1	11 55	5 54 8	4 15	4 45	
22	Tues.	7 27	4 32	9 5	23 27	1	mor.	6 36 9	5	5 30	
23	Wed.	7 27	4 32	9 5	23 26	0	0 53	7 20 10	6	6 30	
24	Thu.	7 28	4 33	9 5	23 25	S.	1 53	8 5 11	6 45	7 15	
25	Frid.	7 28	4 33	9 5	23 23	1	2 56	8 54 12	7 45	8 15	
26	Sat.	7 28	4 34	9 6	23 21	1	4 1	9 45 13	8 45	9	
27	S.	7 29	4 35	9 6	23 18	2	5 6	10 41 14	9 30	10	
28	Mon.	7 29	4 35	9 6	23 15	2	6 11	11 39 15	10 30	11	
29	Tues.	7 29	4 36	9 7	23 11	3	rises	mor.	11 15	11 45	
30	Wed.	7 29	4 37	9 8	23 7	3	6 10	0 40 17		0 15	
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MEMORANDA

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memories. It melted as it fell, was what we now watch with disgust on sloppy days, and call neither one thing nor the other. But, as these men and women saw the feathery fleece falling for the first time in their new home on the other side of the world, it seemed to bring the blessing of the old home on its wings, to make their past and present more intimately one. It was a means of grace to them: it came down cold out of the heavens; but their hearts became all aglow, as it touched them.

I had written as far as this, when a lady came to my study, and I read the incident to her. "I know something as good as that," she said. "I had a friend who went south, out of the reach of the snow, lived there many years, and then came north again. When the first snow fell after her return, she ran out to meet it with all the delight of a child, caught a flake in her hand, and kissed it." A flake in her hand to kiss,—she could not resist the impulse. It was an old friend she had nearly forgotten, as welcome as the flowers in May. The philosopher could tell her, to be sure, that this was not the snow that used to fall about the old homestead. She knew better: it was the same snow, because she was the same woman: the identity was in her own nature. It was a hint of that better life to come, in which we are not to reckon by then and now, by past and present,—what was, and is not, and never can be again; but by an eternal now, fresh and full as the heart of a great ocean.—*R. Collyer.*

WEDDINGS.—One year from marriage makes a paper wedding; five years makes a wooden wedding; ten years a tin wedding; twenty-five years a silver wedding; fifty years a gold wedding; seventy-five years a diamond wedding.

RULES FOR MAKING PRESENTS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

If the present is to be very exquisite indeed, and no mortification will be mixed up with the receipt of it, out of pure inability to make an equal one, or from any other cause, the rule has often been laid down. It should be something useful, beautiful, costly and rare. It is generally an elegance, however, to omit the costliness. The rarity is the great point; because riches themselves cannot always command it, and the peculiarity of the compliment is the greater. Rare present to rare person.

If you are rich, it is a good rule in general to make a rich present; that is to say, one equal, or at least not dishonorable to your means, otherwise you set your riches above your friendship and generosity; which is a mean mistake.

Among equals, it is a good rule not to exceed the equality of resources; otherwise there is a chance of giving greater mortification than pleasure, unless to a mean mind; and it does not become a generous one to care for having advantages over a mind like that.

But a rich man may make a present far richer than can be made him in return, provided the receiver be as generous and understanding as he, and knows that there will be no mistake on either side. In this case, an opportunity for giving himself great delight is afforded to the rich man; and he can only have or bestow it under those circumstances. "

On the other hand, a poor man, if he is generous, and understood to be so, may make the very poorest of presents, and give it an exquisite value; for his heart and his understanding will accompany it; and the very daring to

send his straw will show that he has a spirit above his means, and such as could bestow and enrich the costliest present. But the certainty of his being thus generous, and having this spirit, must be very great. It would be the miserablest and most despicable of all mistakes, and in all probability the most self-betraying, too, to send a poor present under a shabby pretence.

With no sort of presents must there be pretence. People must not say (and say falsely) that they could get no other, or that they could afford no better; nor must they affect to think better of the present than it is worth; nor, above all, keep asking about it after it is given,—how you like it, whether you find it useful, &c.

It is often better to give no present at all than one beneath your means—always, should there be a misgiving on the side of the bestower.

One present in the course of a life is generosity from some; from others, it is but a sacrifice made to avoid giving more.

To receive a present handsomely and in a right spirit, even when you have none to give in return, is to give one in return.—*From "The Seer."*

GOOD NIGHT.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Good night! I have to say good night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good night to fond uplifted eyes,
Good night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good night unto the perfect mouth,

And all the sweetness nestled there—
 The snowy hand detains me, then
 I'll have to say good night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
 When, if I read our stars aright,
 I shall not linger by the porch
 With my adieus. Till then, good night!
 You wish the time were now? And I.
 You do not blush to wish it so?
 You would have blushed yourself to death
 To own as much a year ago—
 What! both these snowy hands? ah, then
 I'll have to say good night again.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

The world bends with infinite tenderness over the story of that woman who had no beauty and no blessing, out on the Yorkshire moors. We pity her for the dismal, scranny school of her childhood, where food for the outer and the inner life was alike hard and crusty and mouldy. We pity her for the lonely drudgery, so hapless and so hopeless, out in Brussels, as we see her sit down to it, while her wings bleed beating the bars of her cage, and the music soars within her,—

“And the life still drags her downward
 To its level, day by day,—
 What is fine within her growing
 Coarse to sympathetic clay.”

Our lips tremble as we see that striving after some touch of grace and beauty to deck the hard, gray home, though it embody itself in no better thing than a bright little frock and a pair of tiny red shoes; yet to see the poor blossom of grace and beauty shrivelling in the fire, put

there and held there by a father harder than the home. We watch her, a woman while yet a child,—a woman, because other little children, still more helpless, are motherless, and can find no other nature large enough to take them in and understand and adopt them; a sister in all sweet, ingenuous, simple ways; a mother in all wise, overbending care and love; and then, at last, a woman grown, walking over great stretches of wild country, that she might be alone with that other Father and Mother, the Father and Mother of us all, and gather strength and courage from the communion, to go back and bear her burden of a stern, half-mad father, and a reckless, lost brother, and a bare, rugged life; then we say, “Oh! why was not such a soul clothed in the beauty of Juno, and born in the vale of Tempe, in the golden days, the first-born and nursling of a queen?” But we say this no longer when the flower unfolds to the sun,—when her books and her life, in all their variant strength and fulness, reveal the mystery of the homely enfolding, the rank, sharp contrasts of the garden-plat and the hot days and dark nights; for we see in the flower brimming with refreshment and blessing to thousands, how not to the beauty of the goddess, not to the flowery meadows and bosky dells of Arcadia, not to the first-born and nursling of a queen, could this power come, but to such a soul, set in such a place, to battle through and gather all the influences of such a life.—*Robt. Collyer.*

TREATMENT OF CLIMBING ROSES.

If any lady wishes success in raising climbing roses, I think she will find it in following the directions given below. Six years ago I had a small sprout given me of what is called the *Prairie Queen*. We dug a place two feet deep

and filled in with equal parts of leaf mould and garden soil, adding about two quarts of hen manure and one pint of lime, pulverizing and mixing thoroughly, also put in a few old bones and small stones, and then put back the dirt. The next spring, the 4th day of June, two little shoots had just started out of the ground, and the 4th day of August they were just ten feet and a half by actual measurement. It is a free bloomer, being in time of blossoming literally covered with large double roses. The rose louse is its greatest enemy; for this reason I have every season, when the buds begin to show, smoked it. I take something large enough to cover it over, say an old carpet, or a number of large papers pasted together, something large enough to cover it over and come down to the ground, and tuck in closely around the roots; then take a pan of coals and sprinkle over them some tobacco, smoke it thoroughly for half an hour, and you will have no more trouble with them that season. Like all other climbing plants, the climbing rose must be provided with suitable support, or it will never attain to any height.

BAD HOUSEKEEPING.

That housekeeping is bad which don't keep the family comfortable and the boys at home. Housekeeping should be a means to an end, and not the end of life. There are a good many Marthas "cumbered about much serving," whose reproaches drive their children from home in search of pleasure elsewhere. To such we commend the following case in point:

"There are these balusters all finger-marks again," said Mrs. Cary, as she made haste with a soft linen cloth to polish down the shining oak again. "George," she said

with a flushed face, as she gave the cloth a decided wrench out of the basin of suds, "if you go up these stairs again before bed-time you shall be punished."

"I should like to know where I am to go?" said George, angrily. "I can't stay in the kitchen, I am so in the way, and I can't go in the parlor, for fear that I shall muss that up, and now you say I can't go up to my own room. I know a grand place where I can go," he added to himself; "boys are never told they are in the way there, and we can have lots of fun. I'll go down to Nile's corner. I can smoke a cigar now as well as any boy, if it did make me awful sick the first time. They shall not laugh at me again about it."

And so the careful housekeeper virtually drove her son from her door, to hang about the steps, and sit under the broad, inviting portico of the village grog-shop. Do you think she gained or lost?

OLD MUSIC.

Back from the misty realms of Time,
Back from the years ago,
Faintly we catch the ringing rhyme,
And hear the melody and chime
Of olden songs, of strains sublime,
Like the carol of birds at dawn.

And ever we hear them, soft and low,
Harping their music sweet,
Songs that we loved in the long ago,
Rippling their liquid ebb and flow,
Drifting their cadence to and fro,
Like the fall of fairy feet.

Some faces our heart will ever hold,
Some smiles we may remember yet,
There were flowing locks like the sunset's gold,
There were parted lips of Cupid's mould,
And the songs they sang can ne'er grow old,
For our hearts can ne'er forget.

Ah, welladay ! 'tis a story past,
Which I may not tell again,
'Twas a happiness too sweet to last ;
The heavy clods on her grave are cast,
And her voice is stilled, and above her, fast
Falls the winter rain !

ROSE INSECTS.

If any one is desirous of keeping rose-bushes free from the small, green vermin that frequently infest them, the following remedy will be found a most effectual one : To three gallons of soft water add one peck of soot and one quart of unslaked lime ; stir it well, let it stand for twenty-four hours, and when the soot rises to the surface, skim it off. Use a syringe for applying it.

Never parade your good luck, nor bad, before men ; the first sight will make them think less of you, and the second will make them think more of themselves.

A nobleman, anxious for the education of his son, asked a philosopher, the first thing he should learn. The extent of his own ignorance, said the sage.

THE ABUSE OF NAMES.

Nicknames will be used just so long as mankind exists, and just so long as those to whom they are applied have marked peculiarities of character or person, who elicit terms of endearment, or who have names that may be shortened with convenience. Andrew will be called "Andy" as long as there are any Andrews to be nicknamed; Jeremiah will be shortened into "Jerry," and William into "Bill," so long as there is a Jeremiah or a William in existence. But it does not follow that these names should become proper handles to honest surnames, and that boys should be christened by the nicknames of their fathers.

A fashion that is about as absurd as this would be, has come into use of late in certain circles, and the rising generation will blush for the folly of their progenitors when they grow older and wiser. It is not practiced so much in the naming of boys, but in respect to girls it has run to the extreme of sentimental silliness. Thus girls, instead of being baptized with such sensible, oldfashioned names as Matilda, Charlotte, Margaret, or Sarah, are christened "Tillie," "Lottie," "Maggie," and "Saidie." Ellen dwindles into "Ellie;" Susan shrinks into "Susie;" Caroline is made ridiculous by being cut down to "Linie;" Emma becomes insipid in "Emmie;" and, most wretched of all, the beautiful name of Mary is frittered away in "Mamie." This nicknaming would be all very well if in its use it was confined to the family circle; but such names are given permanently to children, and the future wives and mothers of the land figure in every advertised list of letters, and in every school examination, as "Lidies," "Susies" and "Saidies." Think of the

wife and mother of the Father of his Country christened by the names of "Mamie" and "Marthie," and of the mother baptizing the future hero and statesman as "Georgie!" The first Napoleon would have remained a bachelor forever, had his first wife been named "Josie," and he would not have troubled an Archduchess of Austria to take the place of the discarded Empress, had she been named "Minnie Louie," instead of plain and sensible Maria Louisa.

This sickly sentimentalism is about as foolish as the poetic lucubrations of bereaved fathers and mothers, who inform an unappreciative world that "dearest Johnny" has left them, or that the skill of physicians was unavailing to save "Billy" from the fatal consequences of the sore afflictions which he had borne so long. But misnaming a child sticks to him or her forever; and while the obituary nonsense which accompanies the record of death is soon forgotten, a sensible woman with a foolish nickname has an ever-present reminder of the silliness of her parents, and a source of continual annoyance to herself.

SMALL CHILDREN, AWAY!

A young man paying special attention to a young lady, met with the following incident during one of his visits:

Being invited into the parlor to await the lady's coming, he entertained himself as best he might for some time, and was becoming weary, when a little girl five years of age slipped in, and began to converse with him.

"I can always tell," she said, "when you are coming to our house."

"You can?" he replied, "and how do you tell it?"

"Why, when you are going to be here, sister begins to sing and get good, and she gives me cake and pie, and anything I want, and she sings so sweetly when you are here, and when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while, then I would have a good time. But when you go off, sister is not good. She gets mad, and if I ask her for anything, she slaps and bangs me about."

"Fools and children tell the truth," quoted he; and taking his hat he left and returned no more.

Moral. Parents wishing their ill-natured daughters married, should keep their small children out of the parlor when strangers are there.

MEANING OF NAMES.

From the Saxon we have "Ada," which means happy, and "Eleanor," all fruitful; "Richard," very rich, or richly honored; "Edward," truth keeper; "Edwin," happy winner; and "William," defender of many.

The Gothic gives us "Adelaide," the princess; "Adeline," the little princess; "Alphonso," our help; "Charles," one who is crowned; "Charlotte," a crowned woman; "Emma," one who nurses; "Ernest," ardent of soul; "Everard," well reported; "Francis," freeman.

From the French we borrow "Amelia," beloved; "Arabella," beautiful altar; "Isabella," olive-colored; "Rosalinda," beautiful rose; "Rosalind," elegant rose.

From the Latin we obtain "Augustus," increasing, noble; "Barbara," strange; "Beatrice," one who blesses; "Clara," clear; "Grace," favor; "Viola," the violet; "Jane," peace; "Julius," soft-haired; "Julia," soft-haired woman; "Juliette," little and soft-haired; "Letitia," joy; "Margaret," a pearl; "Miranda," admired; "Oliver," the olive man; "Blanche," white.

From the Greek we take "Agatha," good; "Agnes," chaste; "Basil," kingly; "Bertha," bright; "Catherine," pure; "Erasmus," worthy to be loved; "Eugene," nobly descended; "Theodore," a gift of God; "Cyrus," lord; "George," a farmer; "Helen," one who pities; "Matilda," stately; "Phoebe," light of life; "Philemon," one who kisses; "Philip," a lover of horses; "Sophie," wisdom.

We also receive many of our names from the Hebrew, as "Anna," kind; "James," the supplanter; "John," the grace and mercy of Jehovah; "Madeline," noble-minded; "Ruth," trouble; "Mary," a salt tear—a beautiful and touching name, there never can be too many Marys; "Martha," trouble or bitter; "Susan," a lily; "Elizabeth," the house of strength; "Jonathan," the gift of God; "Sarah," princess or my lady.

THE DARLING.

Gone from the beautiful eyes the light;
Grandmamma's darling is dying to-night:
Faintly and sweetly yielding his breath;
Plague-stricken cherub! Pitiless death!
Hushed the lip's melody—heart-throbbings still.
Merciful Father, we bow to Thy will.
Hide up the toy-things—the shoes put away;
Lambs from Christ's bosom go never astray.
White robes enfold him—they lay him away;
Hearts are nigh breaking: help, Father, we pray.
Help of the Helpless! grant Thy Spirit that we
Forbid not our darling to come unto Thee.

Providence Journal.

MRS. BROWN GOES INTO THE CITY.

Well talk about mud and dirt ; I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes ; wherever it can come from puzzles me ; it never can work up through them pavin' stones, and it can't be brought in with the people's feet, as it was into my passage that time as I was obliged to have the drains up, because most parties comes in by them 'buses. I never shall forget what my feelins was when that conductor put me out in the middle of them crowded streets. A regular wortex, as the sayin' is, of everything a-runnin' against everybody. Killed I must have been if it hadn't been as I stood in the middle of the road a-wavin' my umbrella round and round like a wind-mill, as kep' the horses off, not as I meant for to take the gentleman across the face with it, as showed his temper and called a policeman, so it's as well I did hit him in the end as led to me being took safe across. As to that Lord Mayor a-livin' in all that row, how he can ever sleep a wink is what puzzles me ; and I am sure I would'nt be crowned King of the city not to have my rest broke like that. I was a-goin to the Bank for to receive a little money as Brown's aunt left to me—it was only twenty pounds—as she'd got left in the Counsels. It's a wonder I ever did get it, for the trouble as they give me once afore, though only a-goin for my diffidence, as was but a trifle, under three pounds, and seemed to grudge it me though my own. A sendin' me first to one place, then to another, and askin' me to write my name, as is a thing I could no more do a-standin' up than I could fly, not for all the Counsels in the world. But that's the way with them lawyers ; once they get 'old of your money they'll stick to it, as I know'd appened next door to my first place, as the lawyer come for to make the poor gentleman's will, as was pretty nigh

foolish ; and blessed if he didn't put hisself down for a thousand pound, as reg'lar took the parties aback, through him bein' a stranger almost, and them his own flesh and blood, as come off second best. In my opinion a lawyer didn't ought to be allowed to put hisself into a will ; it may be all square, but it didn't look so.--*Fun.*

GOING TO SLEEP.

I.

The light is fading down the sky,
 The shadows grow and multiply,
 I hear the thrush's evening song :
 But I have borne with toil and wrong
 So long, so long !
 Dim dreams my drowsy senses drown—
 So, darling, kiss my eyelids down !

II.

My life's brief spring went wasted by,
 My summer 's ended fruitlessly :
 I learned to hunger, strive, and wait,
 I found you, love—oh, happy fate !
 So late, so late !
 Now all my fields are turning brown,
 So, darling, kiss my eyelids down !

III.

Oh, blessed sleep ! oh, perfect rest !
 Thus pillowed on your faithful breast
 Nor life nor death is wholly drear,
 O, tender heart, since you are here,
 So dear, so dear !
 Sweet love, my soul's sufficient crown !
 Now, darling, kiss my eyelids down !

SUNSHINE.

By the use of this term we do not mean merely sunlight, but the direct rays or shine of it. Mankind are dying for the want of it. We build our houses, to be sure, with a world of windows, but they are chiefly put in to make a handsome display outside. We are careful to curtain them inside and blind them outside, so as to shut out the rays of the sun. It is a good argument in favor of curtains and blinds, that if the light be let in too strongly it will fade the carpet. So far as carpets are concerned this is true, as they are generally made, but can we have no colors in carpets which the light will not seriously affect? If carpets fade by letting the light in, there is another thing that fades by keeping the light out, viz: the human being. On the shady side of the street, the hospital and prison, cholera, scrofula, bilious complaints, and nervous diseases are more frequent than on the sunny side.

We advise everybody to live on the sunny side of their houses. The room in which the family spends most of its time should be on the side in which the sun can find its way into it. Let the parlor, if it be seldom used, be on the shady side. We observe that there is not a cottager so ignorant that she will not set her plants, if she has taste enough to grow them, in the east window in the morning, and at noon carry them to a south window, and in the afternoon put them in a west window. But perhaps she is careful to keep her children in the shade, and her precious self, so far as possible out of the rays of the sun. The plants, in obedience to natural law, are kept healthy, while the children and mother, being kept in the shade, suffer in consequence.

Light is beginning to be considered a great *curative* agent, and we apprehend that the time is not far distant

when there will be sun-baths. Corridors with glass roofs will be so adjusted that persons can properly remove their clothing and take a bath in the sun for an hour or two, much to the improvement of their health. The chief advantage in going into the country is to get into the sunshine, and to be in the pure breezes. If we desire merely to keep cool, we should stay in the shady city. People talk of "hot walls" and "burning pavements;" it is much hotter in the country, for the breezes that play there in mid-day bring only heated air from out doors. But in the city the breeze brings air in from the shady side of the street, and the lower rooms of a city house are consequently much cooler in mid-day than the exposed houses of the country.

Our soldiers, who were able to bear the labor and fatigue of war, are invigorated by the out door life they lived. We knew a young man in New York who came back from the war and resumed his former occupation of book-keeping, and lost 30 pounds weight in six weeks. It would do him good to be a farmer.

Parents can do nothing better for their puny sick boys than to put them on to a farm for three or four summers and let them sun-bathe the live-long day. They will, by such a life, grow rapidly, and become tough, brawny and broad. We have seen this tried to the highest advantage.

SENSIBLE MAXIMS.—Never taste an atom when you are not hungry; it is suicidal.

Never hire servants who go in pairs, as sisters, cousins, or anything else.

Never speak of your father as "the old man."

Never reply to the epithets of a drunkard or a fool.

Never speak contemptuously of womankind.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

I.

The racing river leaped and sang
Full blithely in the perfect weather,
All around the mountain echoes rang,
For blue and green were glad together.

II.

This rained out light from every part,
And that with songs of joy was thrilling ;
But, in the hollow of my heart,
There ached a place that wanted filling.

III.

Before the road and river meet,
And stepping-stones are wet and glisten,
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
And paused to like it, and to listen.

IV.

I heard the chanting waters flow,
The cushat's note, the bee's low humming,—
Then turned the hedge, and did not know—
How could I—that my time was coming.

V.

A girl upon the nighest stone,
Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,
So far the shallow flood had flown
Beyond the 'customed leap of landing.

VI.

She knew not any need of me,
Yet me she waited all unweeting ;
We thought not I had crossed the sea,
And half the sphere to give her meeting.

VII.

I waded out, her eyes I met,
I wished the moments had been hours ;
I took her in my arms and set
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

VIII.

Her fellow-maids in copse and lane,
Ah ! still, methinks, I hear them calling ;
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,
The cushat's coo, the water's falling.

IX.

But now it is a year ago,
But now possession crowns endeavor ;
I took her in my heart, to grow
And fill the hollow place forever.

Jean Ingelow.

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children !
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brook of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Oh ! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us,
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a bright and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunk below.

Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads,
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

H. W. Longfellow.

Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend, how-
ever bitter now.

From Mrs. Stowe's House and Home Papers, Atlantic Monthly.]

HOSPITALITY.

The home-education is incomplete, unless it include the idea of hospitality and charity. Hospitality is a biblical and apostolic virtue, and not so often recommended in Holy Writ without reason. Hospitality is much neglected in America, for the very reasons touched upon above. We have received our ideas of propriety and elegance of living from old countries, where labor is cheap, where domestic service is a well-understood, permanent occupation, adopted cheerfully for life, and where of course there is such a subdivision of labor as insures great thoroughness in all its branches. We are ashamed or afraid to conform honestly and hardily to a state of things purely American. We have not yet accomplished what our friend the Doctor calls "our weaning," and learned that dinners with circuitous courses and divers other Continental and English refinements, well enough in their way, cannot be accomplished in families with two or three untrained servants, without an expense of care and anxiety which makes them heart-withering to the delicate wife, and too severe a trial to occur often. America is the land of subdivided fortunes, of a general average of wealth and comfort, and there ought to be, therefore, an understanding in the social basis far more simple than in the old world.

Many families of small fortunes know this, — they are quietly living so, — but they have not the steadiness to share their daily average living with a friend, a traveller, or guest, just as the Arab shares his tent and the Indian his bowl of succotash. They cannot have company, they say. Why? Because it is such a fuss to get out the best

things and then to put them back again. But why get out the best things? Why not give your friend, what he would like a thousand times better, a bit of your average home-life, a seat at any time at your board, a seat at your fire? If he sees that there is a handle off your tea-cup, and that there is a crack across one of your plates, he only thinks, with a sigh of relief, "Well, mine aint the only things that meet with accidents," and he feels nearer to you ever after; he will let you come to his table and see the cracks in his tea-cups, and you will condole with each other on the transient nature of earthly possessions. If it become apparent in these entirely undressed rehearsals that your children are sometimes disorderly, and that your cook sometimes overdoes the meat, and that your second girl sometimes is awkward in waiting, or has forgotten a table-propriety, your friend only feels, "Ah, well, other people have trials as well as I," and he thinks, if you come to see him, he shall feel easy with you.

"*Having company*" is an expense that may always be felt; but easy daily hospitality, the plate always on your table for a friend, is an expense that appears on no account book, and a pleasure that is daily and constant.

Under this head of hospitality, let us suppose a case. A traveller comes from England; he comes in good faith and good feeling to see how Americans live. He merely wants to penetrate into the interior of domestic life, to see what there is genuinely and peculiarly American about it. Now here is Smilax, who is living, in a small, neat way, on his salary from the daily press. He remembers hospitalities received from our traveller in England and wants to return them. He remembers, too, with dismay, a well kept establishment, the well-served table, the puctilious, orderly servants. Smilax keeps two, a cook and a chambermaid, who divide the functions of his establishment

between them. What shall he do? Let him say, in a fair, manly way, "My dear fellow, I'm delighted to see you. I live in a small way, but I'll do my best for you, and Mrs. Smilax will be delighted. Come and dine with us, so and so, and we'll bring in one or two friends." So the man comes, and Mrs. Smilax serves up such a dinner as lies within the limits of her knowledge and the capacities of her servants. All plain, good of its kind, unpretending, without an attempt to do anything English or French,—to do anything more than if she were furnishing a gala dinner for a father or returned brother. Show him your house freely, just as it is, talk to him freely of it, just as he in England showed you his larger house and talked to you of his finer things. If the man is a true man, he will thank you for such unpretending, sincere welcome; if he is a man of straw, then he is not worth wasting Mrs. Smilax's health and spirit's for, in unavailing efforts to get up a foreign dinner party.

A man who has any heart in him values a genuine little bit of home more than anything else you can give him. He can get French cooking at a restaurant; he can buy expensive wines at first-class hotels, if he wants them; but the traveller, though ever so rich and ever so well served at home, is, after all, nothing but a man as you are, and he is craving something that doesn't seem like an hotel,—some bit of real, genuine heart-life. Perhaps he would like better than anything to show you the last photograph of his wife, or to read to you the great, round-hand letter of his ten-year-old which he has got to-day. He is ready to cry when he thinks of it. In this mood he goes to see you, hoping for something like home, and you first receive him in a parlor opened only on state occasions, and that has been circumstantially and exactly furnished,

as the upholsterer assures you, as every other parlor of the kind in the city is furnished.

You treat him to a dinner got up for the occasion with hired waiters, a dinner which it has cost Mrs. Smilax a week to prepare for and will take her a week to recover from,—for which the baby has been snubbed and turned off to his loud indignation, and your young four-year-old sent to his aunt's, your traveller eats your dinner and finds it inferior as a work of art to other dinners,—a poor imitation. He goes away and criticises, you hear of it and resolve never to invite a foreigner again. But if you had given him a little of your heart, a little home warmth and good feeling, if you had shown him your baby, and let him romp with your four-year-old and eat a genuine dinner with you,—would he have been false to that? Not so likely. He wanted something real and human, and you gave him a bad dress rehearsal, and dress rehearsals always^s provoke criticism.

UNDER THE DRIFT.

H. F. WOODS.

Under the drift my violets lie
Buried cold and deep,
Their mound is towering white and high,
But my buried treasures do not die,—
They only sleep, child, sleep.

Under the drift my garden's bloom,
Roses and mignonette,
Tulip and lily with sweet perfume,
That cheered my heart in its hours of gloom,
Are buried in darkness yet.

The drear winds blow, and the drifting snow
Over them all is piled ;
But I look on the wintry waste, and know
That April shall reach them down below ;—
They must bide their time, my child.

The south wind cometh after the cold,
The warm rain after the snow,
And the sun shall loosen the frosty mould,
Till the crocus its chalice of purple and gold
Shall lift from the dark, below.

The heart has its winter, too, my child,
Its winter of snow and frost,
Over its blossoms the drifts are piled,
And winds are raving—where late they smiled—
Over the sweetness lost.

But then we are only waiting, dear,—
Since we have learned to wait,—
For the glad renewal of the year,
For spring-tide fragrance, and warmth, and cheer,
Though it cometh slow and late.

How do I know that this shall be ?
Just as I surely know
That He who stirs in each dormant root,
The kindly juices of flower and fruit
Bids the heart's currents flow.

So child, do I know that He who sends
After winter the spring time gales,
Hath joys in store either here or there ;
So do I waiting trust His care,—
For His promise never fails.

He, from their icy beds of gloom
Long slumbering hopes shall lift;
Stirred by His touch into rosy bloom,
Darkness, nor winter, nor change, nor tomb
Shall lay them under the drift.

A WOMAN WHO NEVER SLANDERS HER NEIGHBORS.

"Mercy knows," said Aunt Jerusha, as she settled herself in her small rocking-chair, and wiped her steel bowed specs on her apron before placing them astride her nose, "mercy knows I never slander my neighbors. I've enough to do to take care of my own affairs. Now there is Dorothy Ann—always knows just what every one has on at church. The idea of looking at people's dress in church! But that is some folk's failings. We all have our failings, I s'pose," and a sigh finished the sentence.

Whether this harangue was addressed to the world in general, or was for the especial benefit of a tall young lady seated at a table near by, inserting a pair of shears into a piece of cloth, we do not know. The young lady made no reply, but a mischievous smile flitted over her face, and a silence followed, unbroken save by the vengeful snap of the shears as they closed over the cloth, and the loud tick of the clock in the corner. Suddenly Aunt Jerusha peered out of the window. "Look, Minerva Jane—ain't them the Carpenter girls going by?" "Yes," was the laconic answer. "Do you see how they are dressed! They came sailing into church during prayer time last Sunday, looking like peacocks. I watched them down the aisles clear to their seats. They wore green silks, velvet cloaks, and their bonnets looked like flower gardens.

I noticed their furs in particular ; they were new and fashionable. Much cause they have to be proud ! I should think a glance at home would lower their feathers some. But here comes Mrs. Baker ! O dear ! she is a regular gossip, and we shall have to listen to her long yarns all the afternoon. What a bore she is !” A vigorous knock at the door was followed by the entrance of the lady in question. Aunt Jerusha rose with a beaming face to greet her. “ My dear Mrs. Baker, how do you do ? I was just thinking about you. Lay aside your things and spend the afternoon. Minerva Jane, bring out the rockingchair for Mrs. Baker.” The two ladies were soon seated with their sewing, and Aunt Jerusha asked :

“ Have you seen Mrs. Nash recently ? I wonder if her husband is as bad as ever ? I declare, that woman has a time of it. I s’pose you know he stole the pork from Mr. Brien’s cellar a few weeks ago ?” “ Yes, I heard of it.” “ Have you seen Mrs. Slocum riding with the young doctor ?” “ To be sure ; some folks say he’s her cousin, but I don’t believe it.” “ Well, now, I do say,” replied Aunt Jerusha, “ I don’t slander my neighbors ; but that’s pretty doings, anyhow. Did you ever hear what a wild girl she was before she was married ? My sister’s husband’s cousin used to know her, and she said she was perfectly independent ; didn’t care what folks said about her. But I suppose you have heard of Mr. Este’s failure ? For my part I don’t wonder at it, his wife was so extravagant ; you’ve no idea how much waste there was in that house ; I’m not surprised that her husband has failed. They say he drinks ; I should think Mrs. Smith would feel dreadful bad to have Susan marry him ; they’re engaged, I’m told. I would’nt have him courting Minerva Jane for anything ; but then Susan aint any better than she

should be ; I don't slander my neighbors, but I must say I should not want a daughter of mine doing as she does. Why Mrs. Baker, you ain't putting up your work ; do stay till after tea. Well, if you can't, good bye ; come again soon. There ! if I ain't relieved," continued Aunt Jerusha, as the door closed upon the departing guest. " Did you ever hear a woman go on so about her neighbors ! The idea of slandering everybody as she does ; to be sure, I have to talk with her when she 's here ; but mercy knows I don't slander my neighbors !"

THE PRIEST AND I.

Am I too happy ? Have I lost
The hymns of heaven, the shining host,
For the low song my Bertrand sings
Beneath the shade the myrtle flings
Across the door in sunset glow ?
And for my cherub Angelo ?—
My glorious boy with sweeter smile
Than wears, within St. Francis' aisle,
That infant John the friars say
Will yet take wing and soar away !
Nay—Mary, grace ! with hair of gold
And brow like the young Christ's you hold,
O'er the high altar, hovering fair,
Upborne by clear, celestial air !

How calm he sleeps upon my breast !
Would the great Father send such guest
Into my bosom, if to win
And welcome were a deadly sin ?
Or give the boy my Bertrand's eyes
If evil lurked in Bertrand's guise ?
Hark ! 't is his step across the sward ;

Forgive me if I wander, Lord !
But O, I surely love Thee more
For the dear face beside the door,
And for the fond arms' tender fold,
Than if I knelt, a maiden cold,
And only knew of love and Thee
What the lone cloister taught to me.

And yet the Priest says I have sealed
My own damnation ; madly healed
My orphan sorrow with a name
Will send me straight to burning flame !
Because I dared to give my vows
To Bertrand ; would not be the spouse
Of Holy Church, and wear the veil
Within the convent's dreary pale—
Our Lady's—hid in dusk of trees
High up the chilly Pyrenees,
Where the white, ghostly nuns look out,
And wild winds toss the boughs about,
And moan and mutter through the air,
Of fast and scourge and midnight prayer.
O, what a living death were mine,
Locked in that gloom of fir and pine !

And here, like roses to the sun,
My bright days open, one by one ;
And, deep within their bloom, my heart
Sings like some nighingale apart
In orange grove, while winds of May
Up the still valley waft his lay !
And have I failed of heaven for this ?
Bartered my soul for Bertrand's kiss ?
Forgone sweet Mary's kindly care
Because my boy, like hers is fair ?
And does God mock our yearnings so ?
Nay ! 'tis a fiendish lie, I know !
God smiles on earth, though throned above ;
And what is heaven but purer love ?
We three, together, glad will go—
Bertrand and I and Angelo !

E. D. Proctor.

[*From Thackeray's "Early and Late Papers."*]

EVENING PARTIES.

But evening parties! O, milk and water, bread and butter! No, no, the age is wiser! The manly youth frequents his club for common society, has a small circle of amiable ladies for friendly intercourse, his book and his pipe always.

Do not be angry, ladies, that one of your most ardent and sincere admirers should seem to speak disparagingly of your merits, or recommend his fellows to shun the society in which you ordinarily assemble. No, Miss, I am the man who respect you truly—the man who respect and love you when you are most lovely and respectable—in your families, my dear. A wife, a mother, a daughter—has God made anything more beautiful? A friend—can one find a truer, kinder, a more generous and enthusiastic one, than a woman often will be? All that has to do with your hearts is beautiful, and in everything with which they meddle, a man must be a brute not to love and honor you.

But Miss Rudge in blue crape, squeaking romance at a harp, or Miss Tobin dancing in a quadrille, or Miss Blogg twisting round the room in the arms of a lumbering Lifeguardsman; what are these?—so many vanities. With the operations here described the heart has nothing to do. Has the intellect? O, ye gods! think of Miss Rudge's intellect while singing—

“ Away, away to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving;
Away, away to the fountain's flow,
Where the streams are softly la-a-ving !”

These are the words of a real song that I have heard many times, and rapturously applauded, too. Such a song, such a poem—such a songster!

No, madam, if I want to hear a song sung I will pay eight and sixpence and listen to Tamburini and Persiani. I will not pay, gloves, three-and-six; cab, there and back, four shillings; silk stockings every now and then, say a shilling a time; I will not pay to hear Miss Rudge screech such disgusting twaddle as the above. If I want to see dancing, there is Taglioni for my money; or across the water, Mrs. Serle and her forty pupils; or at Covent Garden, Madame Vedy, beautiful as a houri, dark-eyed and agile as a gazelle. I can see all these in comfort, and they dance a great deal better than Miss Blogg and Captain Haggerty, the great red-whiskered monster, who always wears nankeens because he thinks his legs are fine. If I want conversation, what has Miss Flock to say to me, forsooth, between the figures of a cursed quadrille that we are all gravely dancing! By heavens, what an agony it is! Look at the he-dancers, they seem oppressed with dreadful care. Look at the cavalier seul! if the operation lasted long the man's hair would turn white,—he would go mad! And is it for this that men and women assemble in multitudes, for this sorry pastime?

No! dance as you will, Miss Smith, and swim through the quadrille like a swan, or flutter through the gallop like a sylphide, and have the most elegant fresh toilettes, the most brilliantly polished white shoulders, the blandest eyes, the reddest, simperingist mouth, the whitest neck, the—in fact, I say, be as charming as you will, *that* is not the place to which, if you are worth anything, you are most charming. You are beautiful; you are very much *decolletee*; your eyes are always glancing down

at a pretty pearl necklace, round a pearly neck, or on a fresh, fragrant bouquet, stuck—fiddlestick! What is that the men admire in you?—the animal, Miss,—the white, plump, external Smith, which men with their eyeglasses, standing at various parts of the room, are scanning pertly and curiously, and of which they are speaking brutally. A pretty admiration, truly! But is it possible that these men can admire anything else in you who have so much that is really admirable? Cracknell, in the course of the waltz, has just time to pant into your ear, “Were you at Ascot Races?” Kidwinter, who dances two sets of quadrilles with you, whispers to you, “Do you pwefer thtwawbewy ithe aw wathbewy ithe?” and asks the name of “that gweat enawmuth fat woman in wed satin and bird of pawadithe?” to which you reply, “Law, sir, it’s mamma!” The rest of the evening passes away in conversation similarly edifying. What can any of the men admire in you, you little silly creature, but the animal? There is your mother, now, in red and a bird of paradise, as Kidwinter says. She has a large fan, which she flaps to and fro across a broad chest; and has one eye directed to her Amelia, dancing with Kidwinter, before mentioned; another watching Jane, who is dancing *vis-à-vis* with Major Cutts; and a third complacently cast upon Edward, who is figuring with Miss Binx in the other quadrille. How the dear fellow has grown, to be sure; and how like his papa at his age—heigho! There is mamma, the best woman breathing; but fat and even enormous, as has been said of her. Does anybody gaze on her? And yet she was once as slim and as fair as you, O simple Amelia!

Does anybody care for her? Yes, one. Your father cares for her; Smith cares for her; and in his eyes she is

still the finest woman of the room ; and he remembers when he danced down seven-and-forty couples of a country-dance with her, two years before you were born or thought of. But it was all chance that Miss Hopkins turned out to be the excellent creature she was. Smith did not know any more than that she was gay, plump, good-looking and had five thousand pounds. Hit or miss, he took her, and has had assuredly no cause to complain ; but she might have been a Borgia or Joan of Naples, and have had the same smiling looks and red cheeks, and five thousand pounds, which won his heart in the year 1814.

The system of evening parties, then, is a false and absurd one. Ladies may frequent them professionally with an eye to a husband, but a man is an ass who takes a wife out of such assemblies, having no other means of judging of the object of his choice. You are not the same person in your white crape and satin slip as you are in your morning dress. A man is not the same in his tight coat and feverish glazed pumps, and stiff white waiscoat, as he is in his green double-breasted frock, his old black ditto, or his woollen jacket. A man is doubly an ass who is in the habit of frequenting evening parties, unless he is forced thither in search of a lady to whom he is attached, or unless he is compelled to go by his wife. A man who loves dancing may be set down to be an ass ; and the fashion is greatly going out with the increasing good sense of the age. Do not say that he who lives at home, or frequents clubs in lieu of balls, is a brute, and has not a proper respect for the female sex ; on the contrary, he may respect it most sincerely. He feels that a woman appears to most advantage, not among those whom she cannot care about, but among those whom she loves. He thinks her beautiful when she is at home making tea for her old

father. He believes her to be charming when she is singing a simple song at her piano, but not when she is screeching at an evening party. He thinks by far the most valuable part of her is her heart; and a kind, simple heart, my dear, shines in conversation better than the best of wit. He admires her best in her intercourse with her family and her friends, and detests the miserable, twaddling slipsop that he is obliged to hear from and utter to her in the course of a ball; and avoids and despises such meetings.

MARK TWAIN ON CHAMBERMAIDS.

Against all chambermaids, of whatever age or nationality, I launch the hostility of Bachelordom!

Because:

They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas burner, so that while you read or smoke before sleeping (as is the ancient and honored custom of bachelors,) you have to hold your book aloft in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes.

When they find the pillows removed to the other end of the bed in the morning, they receive not the suggestion in a friendly spirit, but glorying in their absolute sovereignty, and unpitying your helplessness, they make the bed just as it was originally, and gloat in secret over the pang that tyranny will cause you.

Always after that, when they find you have transposed the pillow, they undo your work, and thus defy you, and seek to embitter the life that God hath given you.

If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pull the trunk out six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

If you want the spittoon in a certain spot, where it will be handy, they don't. And so they move it.

They always put your other boots into inaccessible places. They chiefly enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to get down in an undignified attitude and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the bootjack.

They always put the match box in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put a bottle or other perishable glass thing where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, groping in the dark, and get yourself into trouble.

They are forever and ever moving the furniture. When you come in in the night you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning. And when you go out in the morning, if you leave the slop-bucket by the door and the rocking-chair by the window, when you come in at midnight or thereabouts, you will fall over that rocking-chair, and you will proceed toward the window and sit down in that slop-tub. This will disgust you. They like that.

No matter where you put anything, they are not going to let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get. It is their nature. And besides, it gives them pleasure to be mean and contrary this way. They would die if they couldn't be villains.

They always save up all the old scraps of printed rubbish you throw on the floor, and stack them up carefully on the table, and then start the fire with your valuable manuscripts. If there is any one particular old scrap

that you are more down on than any other, and which you are gradually wearing your life out to get rid of, you may take all the pains you possibly can in that direction, but it won't be of any use, because they will always fetch that old scrap back and put it in the same old place every time. It does them good.

And they use up more hair-oil than any six men. If charged with purloining the same, they lie about it.

If you leave your key in the door for convenience sake, they will carry it down to the office and give it to the clerk. They do this under the vile pretence of trying to protect your property from thieves—but actually they do it because they want to make you tramp back down stairs after it when you come home tired, or put you to the trouble of sending a waiter for it, which waiter will expect you to pay him something. In which case I suppose the degraded creatures divide.

They always keep coming to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony on you—but after you get up they don't come any more till next day.

They do all the mean things they can think of.

Chambermaids are dead to every human instinct.

I have denounced them in behalf of outraged bachelor-dom. They deserve it. If I can get a bill through the Legislature abolishing chambermaids, I mean to do it.

Two things should be made in silence—observations and reflection.

If one mistrusts others, it is because he mistrusts himself.

Better err than do nothing. Ignorance is better than sloth.

"GO IT ALONE."

There's a game much in fashion, I think it's called Euchre,
Though I've never played it for pleasure or lucre,
In which when the cards are in certain conditions,
The players appear to have changed their positions,
And one of them cries in a confident tone—
"I think I might venture to go it alone!"

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the bard's,
A moral to draw from the skirmish in cards,
And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife
Some excellent hints for the battle of Life,
Where, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The winner is he who can "go it alone!"

When great Galileo proclaimed that the world
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled,
And got—not a convert for all of his pains,
But only derision, and prison, and chains—
"It moves, for all that," was his answering tone,
For he knew, like the earth, he could "go it alone!"

When Kepler, with intellect, piercing afar,
Discovered the laws of each planet and star;
And doctors, who ought to have lauded his name,
Derided his learning and blackened his fame;
"I can wait," he replied, "till the truth you shall own;"
For he felt in his heart he could "go it alone!"

Alas for the player who idly depends,
In the struggle for life, upon kindred and friends!
Whatever the value of blessings like these,
They can never atone for inglorious ease;
Nor comfort the coward who finds with a groan,
That his crutches have left him to "go it alone!"

There is something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold ;
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold,
The unfortunate owner may fairly regard,
As each in its way a most excellent card—
Yet the game may be lost, with all these for your own,
Unless you've the courage to "go it alone!"

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love it is ever the same ;
In the struggle for power or scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto: "Rely on yourself!"
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who "can go it alone!"

John G. Saxe.

POETRY.

Poetry, as we believe, preserves and purifies language, cultivates good taste, helps memory, fills the mind with fair images, and high, unselfish thoughts, wondrously increases our perception and enjoyment of natural beauty, relieves the pain of our usual lack or poverty of expression, shaping and bringing within compass multifarious thoughts and feelings, otherwise inexpressible. But the boon of boons, including all the rest, is the general enlargement, elevation, emancipation of the soul. Poetry universalizes. In its last result it is never despondent, but inspired with the loftiest joy and courage. It begins in the glad sense of universal beauty, and when it bestows the same glad sense upon its hearers, its result is accomplished. Here and there you will find a short poem, exceptional, expressing a despondent mood, but the best poetry in its total effect is cheerful and encouraging. Even when it treats of sorrow, of pain, of death, it is sympa-

thetic, but not despondent and gloomy. The very production of the exceptional sad poem indicates a degree of victory over the sadness. The "Iliad," treating much of war, wounds, and violent death, is animated and exhilarating throughout; of Dante's great poem, the first part is most read, for its fierce picturesqueness and dreadful fascination, but the second is an ascending symphony of hope and faith, and the third part a hymn of heavenly rapture. Chaucer is cheerful as the green landscape after a Spring shower; Spencer full of rich vivacity and bold adventure; Shakspeare's book a multifarious world of movement and interest; nothing did Goethe so much abhor, in life and in literature, as despondency, discouragement.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

PARASITES IN BIRDCAGES.—Many a person has watched with anxiety and care a pet canary, goldfinch, or other tiny favorite evidently in a state of perturbation, plucking at himself continually, his feathers standing all wrong, always fidgeting about, and in every way looking very seedy. In vain is his food changed, and in vain is another saucer of clean water always kept in his cage, and all that kindness can suggest for the little prisoner done; but still all is of no use, he is no better—and why? because the cause of his wretchedness has not been found out, and until it is other attempts are but vain. If the owner of a pet in such difficulties will take down the cage and cast his or her eyes up to the roof thereof, there will most likely be seen a mass of stuff looking as much like red rust as anything, and from thence comes the cause of the poor bird's uneasiness. The red rust is nothing more nor less than myriads of parasites infesting the bird, and for which water is no remedy. There is, however, a remedy, and one

easily procurable in a moment—fire. By procuring a lighted candle and holding it under every particle of the top of the cage till all chance of anything being alive is gone, the remedy is complete. The pet will soon brighten up again after his “house warming,” and will in his cheerful and delightful way thank his master or mistress over and over again for this, though slight, to him, important assistance.—*Land and Water.*

WORDS.

Words are lighter than the Cloud-foam
Of the restless ocean spray ;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away ;
By the fall of summer raindrops
Is the air as deeply stirred ;
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash, a word,
Bearing endless desolation
On its lightning wings, I heard.
Earth can forge no keener weapon,
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
O'er a weary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears,
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on life's dark way,

By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear ;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred,
Never, never more to slumber
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than a breath of summer air,
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever, night or day ;
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it pass away.

Words are mighty, words are living ;
Serpents, with their venom'd stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings ;
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies ;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in the skies.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

" How many pounds does the baby weigh—
Baby who came but a month ago ?
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe ? "

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief's knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "Only eight."

Softly the echo goes around ;
The father laughs at the tiny girl ;
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl ;

And stooping above the precious thing
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one ;
Nobody weighed the threads of care
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of little baby's quiet breath—
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful until death.

Nobody weighed the baby soul,
For here on earth no weight there be
That could avail ; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul,
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shrines it in this human guise,
Within so frail and small a thing !

Oh ! mother, laugh your merry note ;
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet

Ethel Lynn.

THE MISSION OF OLD CLOTHES.

A few weeks since when his Honor the Mayor made a call for garments to clothe the shipwrecked passengers of the "Gratitude," there was a response from our citizens which was not without a certain significance. Clothing of all kinds was sent. Articles of apparel for men, women and children, bonnets of all dates, hats of all styles, boots of all shapes were found and brought to light and made serviceable. There was a profusion, more than enough, to meet the necessities of the poor exiles, but probably not one family in one hundred, we might say not one person in five thousand of the well to do class of citizens, gave a single article, for before the want of such articles was fairly before the public, the cry of "enough" was officially promulgated.

As we looked at the bundles of articles which were sent in on the occasion, we could not but speculate upon the quantity of similar materials which is locked up in old trunks or stowed away in closets in the houses of our citizens. The demands of the soldier drew heavily upon these dark closets, but they are far from empty, and it is only when some stirring appeal is made that the cast-off garments are brought to light, and the dust and moths which are consuming them are disturbed.

In some families this desire to hoard old things amounts to almost a mania. Broken chairs, dislocated clocks, fractured ornaments, greasy coats, dilapidated boots, old

school books, bits of carpet, broken lamps, etc., are treasured up. Some people have a regard for these articles and cannot bear to part with them, while others do not stop to think of the worse than useless rubbish which is accumulating over their heads. There is, also, in every street at least one Mrs. Toodles, who is haunted with the idea that at some time or another everything stowed away will come "handy to have in the house," and these good bodies visit their repositories of useless articles once or twice a year perhaps, but almost invariably they add a broken cricket or a mutilated gas shade, rarely, if ever, finding any article which can be used. The spirit of hoarding is not lessened, however, and it is not, perhaps, until a fire or a removal that they realize what an amount of truck they have been accumulating. Very recently a gentleman, after living in one house nearly thirty years, was driven out by the exigencies of trade, and among other articles which he found stored away was a pair of low cut slippers which he wore on his bridal night. He made a calculation and found that had he sold them when he had done with them, and put his money at interest, that he would have had more than enough to-day to procure a handsome entire suit of clothes at even the present high prices.

The United States Government is selling at auction the articles of war which had accumulated during the rebellion. Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of goods, never taken from their original packages, are being sold at a mere song. This is true economy, for the expense of storage, labor and other expenses are thus stopped, not to mention the dangers from fire and the inevitable waste and depreciation of all perishable articles, which rot away almost as rapidly as when put to their appropriate uses. If this

policy is a correct one for the government to pursue, it is at least worthy of consideration how far the principle involved is applicable to individuals. Our shrewdest dry goods merchants have been taught by experience that carrying over from year to year stocks of goods which are out of date is not profitable ; better make a sacrifice and have the use of the money for new investments than to keep capital locked up in such unsaleable articles, which are kept in the hope that some day they may by a commercial miracle, pay cost and compound interest.

We believe it may be set down as good common sense at least, that an article becomes valueless to the owner when it ceases to meet the demand for which it was made, and while exercising foresight as regards our own prospective wants, we owe it to society, to the poorer classes especially, not to accumulate articles of clothing or furniture which are of no use to the owner but of some value to others. An old coat serves its owner and becomes shabby. If it is given away it warms the back of some poorer man and thus performs its mission, for even an old coat has a mission. Better even sell the old coat while it is capable of doing good than to hide it away, for some man with fewer dollars than the original owner will find it a remunerative investment. There is not an old chair or an old cricket now lumbering up the attic which would not supply a want if sent out to meet the demand. In an estimate of the economies of life we are too apt in this country to omit all consideration of what are trifles to one class, but subjects of importance to another ; but even in this republican government, with the population of our large cities increasing daily, and the relative positions of the rich and poor becomes more marked on this account, we shall be obliged to give some consideration to topics which may ap-

pear trifling, but which older countries appreciate and discuss.

Chatham street and Brattle street are quite as worthy the attention of those who study the characteristics of great cities as Broadway or Washington street, and it is important that these marts of business should be supplied with materials, even if the spirit of hoarding is sacrificed. The Rag Fair of London is an institution, and the Marche de Vieux Linge in Paris supplies the want of a large class, who, but for these headquarters in the two capitals, would experience privation. The residences of the wealthy classes abroad are the sources from which the supplies are obtained, and the old clo' men are as regular visitors, and have their special and permanent customers in Paris and London as any other tradesmen. As our cities increase in size we shall be obliged to adopt the same custom, and the community will be benefited if our citizens look at this subject in its practical bearing, for it cannot be denied that we devote to ultimate and useless destruction thousands of dollars annually, which might afford somebody comfort and warmth, and this amount is so much wealth which is taken from the capital of the nation.—*Boston Journal*.

A PRAYER.

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use whate'er I have aright ;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside ;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne, and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety for my feet ;

But pray that when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith,
In the unbottomed sea of doubt ;

And that, though it be mine to know
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,
Good angels may still come and go
On the bright ladder of my dreams.

I do not ask for love, below,
That friends shall never be estranged,
But for the power of loving, so
My soul may keep its youth unchanged.

And though wide lands or cruel seas
Hold me from dearest ones apart,
Still may all sweet capacities
Be fountains, open in my heart.

Youth, Joy, Wealth—Fate, I give thee these ;
Leave Faith and Hope till life is past ;
And leave my heart's best impulses
Fresh and unfailing to the last.

For these, I think, of all good things,
Most precious, out of heaven above ;
And that the power of loving brings
The fullest recompense of love.

Chambers' Journal

HORSEBACK RIDING.

In whatever light we view the subject of horseback riding—whether as a promoter of health and an insurer of long life, as a noble, invigorating, delightful amusement, or as a manly and fascinating accomplishment—it deserves a great deal more attention than it receives. A recent writer in *Once a Week* says that England may be divided into two classes, viz: those who ride on horseback, and those who would do so if they had the means. By those who are unacquainted with the passionate fondness of John Bull for all sports in which the horse takes part, (and in England the horse is never used for sport except under the saddle,) the language of the above writer may be considered as hyperbolical, but it is substantially true. The general neglect of horseback riding in this country may be regarded as one of the direct causes of that lack of physical vigor and stamina which is thought to characterize the people of the United States, and we know of no form of exercise the general adoption of which would be so likely to correct the admitted physical exhaustion resulting from our driving mode of doing business.

This general disregard of the very best of all forms of exercise, and the most exhilarating and satisfying of recreations, may be easily traced to the peculiar habits and pursuits of our people, the practical and business-like nature of which can only be accommodated by the harness and carriage. Subordinate to this cause is the lack of well trained saddle horses, which would not exist if there was any considerable demand to be supplied. It is a great mistake to suppose that any nag which can be safely bestridden by a man, and made to trot or canter at will, is a

saddle horse. When our horse breeders pay more attention to *training* for the saddle, the demand for horses will be increased. Many would ride who now find no comfort or pleasure in bestriding the shambling, loose-gaited horses which are often kept for saddle use at livery stables.

Upon the sanitary benefits to be derived from exercise in the saddle we need not comment. This is a subject well understood by all classes, and the practice is daily advised by physicians as a specific in many ailments which medicines cannot reach. Gymnastics, cricket, boating, walking, &c., are all excellent modes of exercise, some one or all of which should occupy the attention of those who would enjoy perfect health, but neither one nor all can be compared with the daily practice of horse-back riding, as an invigorator of the system, particularly in certain classes of diseases engendered by sedentary occupations. The proper amount of exercise by the usual modes can only be obtained at the expense of muscular effort, which, after the novelty wears off, becomes mere laborious drudgery. Horse-back riding is entirely free from this objection. The use of the horse in any form is never a drudgery to him who really loves the animal, and horse-back riding calls into play so many of the attributes of the mind that it must always be considered the perfection of recreation and exercise combined. It demands the exercise of prudence and forethought in the general management and care of the horse; intelligence and skill in teaching him his paces and the best way of using his powers for our advantage. It teaches presence of mind, courage, quickness of eye, coolness in danger, self-reliance, and a manly bearing. It brings eye and limb and will into harmony, and makes the *morale* and *physique* work together for health and happiness.

The present is just the time for equestrianism. The weather is invigorating, and the mornings are fine and clear. We urge upon all who can afford it (and money thus expended returns compound interest) to hire or buy a horse. Be up in the morning with the lark, and off "over the hills and far away" until breakfast time, when you will have an appetite that will astonish those who have played the sluggard, and you will go to your business with a vigor that can be obtained in no other way. Let invalids, particularly consumptives, discard drugs and buy saddle horses, live out of doors in the genial sun and pure air, and so gain a new lease of life. Those women who can find the means and the leisure should by all means perfect themselves in an accomplishment in which they are without rivals. And the little boys and girls should have their ponies long before the music teacher and the dancing master are employed. Youth is the time to learn to ride well and gracefully, and parents make a great mistake in neglecting to provide a pleasure so beneficial to children.—*Boston Journal*.

ADORN YOUR HOMES.

Some one writes gracefully and forcibly: "I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they invest money judiciously to improve and adorn the house and the grounds around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home as much as possible and enjoy it; but when they spend it in fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home—that is, in places where they can attract the most attention and make the most display."

COOKING DEPARTMENT.

BAKED FISH.—It is better not to cut open a fish which is to be stuffed, but “draw” the fish. If you do cut it open, bind it together with a strong cord after stuffing. Soak some bread in milk enough to soften it, add a little butter, pepper, salt, chopped parsley, and either thyme or summer savory as you like. Some persons like the roe, if soft, added to the stuffing. Put the fish in a pan, lay a thin slice or two of salt pork or a little butter on the fish, and if the oven is very hot put a little water in the pan. Just before the fish is done take a half pint of milk and stir in flour and chopped parsley with any other seasoning you like, and pour into it the contents of the pan, around the fish, scald it together and pour it over the fish or serve in a tureen. Bake from 30 to 45 minutes.

BOILED FISH.—Halibut, cod, or any white fish may be boiled in hot water; half an hour is sufficient. Boil two eggs hard, chop them, melt a piece of butter size of an egg, add a little lemon juice, stir a spoonful of flour smooth in a little water and stir all together for sauce. Some boil in less than half an hour, and add to the water sliced onion, carrot, parsley and salt with a spoonful or two of vinegar. This is very good.

OYSTERS may be cooked in their own liquor by allowing them to scald once, remove the scum and take them off. Have another saucepan on the fire with half a pint of milk or more according to the quantity of oysters used, thicken with braided butter and flour, salt and pepper. When this thickens stir in the oysters with the liquor, and let them scald a minute.

FRIED OYSTERS are nice dipped in a little flour, or powdered cracker and fried on a griddle with a little butter or bit of salt pork.

PRAIRIE HENS are best roasted, though they are good, baked in a pie like veal or chicken, after having been roasted. They are rather dry, and plenty of nice delicate^e gravy is necessary.

BOILED BROWN BREAD.—The crust of a baked brown loaf is usually hard and can only be eaten by being made into toast. Cooking brown bread by steam prevents a crust being formed which is too hard to eat. Take three coffee cups of Indian meal, two of rye, one of molasses, one of milk, or water to make it stiff batter, one teaspoonful of soda. Shut it tight in a tin boiler like a pudding boiler; boil it three hours, or even four, as it is improved by long cooking.

EASTER CAKE.—Four full teacups of flour, two full teacups of brown sugar, half a pound of butter, five eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a cup of sour milk or cream; one pound of currants, one spoonful of ground cloves, one of allspice, and one of cinnamon. Bake in a loaf.

GINGER SNAPS.—One pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved and stirred into the molasses, two tablespoonfuls of ground ginger, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and flour enough to make it roll very thin. Cut in round cakes and bake quick.

MACARONI A LA CREME.—Set on the fire in a sauce-pan the macaroni with a small piece of butter, a pinch of salt,

and cover with water. For the cream, mix one-half a tablespoonful of butter with as much flour; place upon the fire with one-half pint of milk; salt to taste. When the macaroni is cooked, drain and turn the cream over it.

MERINGUES OR KISSES.—Beat the whites of eight eggs to a stiff froth; add one-half pound of white sugar, thus allowing one ounce to each egg. Mix the sugar gradually, beating the eggs at the same time. Grease the inside of a tin pan with sweet oil—butter may be used if preferred—then dust flour over the oil. Drop the mixture into the pan in oval cakes about one inch apart. Bake in a slow oven. The heat yesterday, while the meringues were baking, stood at 300 degrees Fahrenheit. Good cream is necessary to fill the meringues; it rises easily when beaten, whereas poor cream requires great labor with but an indifferent result. Mix with one pint of cream one ounce of gelatin with one-half a tablespoonful of sugar, previously dissolved on the fire in a tablespoonful of water. Cut a little hole in the under side of each meringue. Fill with cream and put two together.

CROQUIGNOLLES FRANCAISES.—Mix on a paste board, one-half a pound of flour, one ounce of butter, three eggs, a tablespoonful of sugar, and a little lemon rind. Do not beat the eggs. When mixed roll the paste very thin, and cut into any form the fancy may suggest, then fry in hot fat, and drain them through a cullender. Professor Blot recommends beef suet in preference to lard for frying purposes as it does not fly over so easily.

COLD BATTER PUDDING.—One cup of flour, wet with half a pint of cold milk stir into a pint and a half of milk

heated to a boiling point. When it thickens, stir into it rapidly three beaten eggs. Pour into a pudding dish, and smooth it on the top, then cover with a cup of white sugar. Set it away to cool. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

CHOCOLATE CAKES.—Two ounces of butter, six ounces flour, three gills of cold water. Set it on the fire and stir till it will not adhere to the finger. Remove from the fire, flavor with lemon or vanilla. Beat four eggs and add them when the mixture has cooled a little. Make into little cakes, and bake in a pan half an hour in a quick oven. Take two ounces of Baker's Chocolate, (which Professor Blot says is superior,) one ounce or less of sugar, and melt, allowing two teaspoonfuls of water. When the little cakes are baked cut open the sides with a knife and put in a tablespoonful of the chocolate.

"PECULIARS," OR GRAHAM PUFFS.—To one pint of Graham flour add one pint of milk and one egg. Stir in the flour slowly, till it becomes a smooth (not thick) batter. Use no soda, nor yeast. Bake immediately. The best bake-pans are of cast-iron, with twelve sockets which must be first heated, then greased, filled, and instantly returned to the oven. If new, the pans should be first scoured with soap and sand, then greased, and heated, and rewashed. Puffs may also be made without the egg, with milk and water, or all water. They may also be made of rye flour or corn meal. The corn meal requires an egg. This recipe is sufficient for twenty-four puffs. Graham flour, from which the puffs are made, is more healthful for daily use than bolted flour; because nearly all the hull or bran is separated from the latter. Bolted

Flour is deprived of the silica, or silex contained in the bran, which is given by the Almighty for the support and nourishment of our bones and teeth. Hence Americans are troubled with decayed teeth, and often with their total loss, more than Europeans; because the former universally eat such finely bolted flour, whether of wheat or rye.

CORN BREAD.—Take two quarts of corn meal, with a pint of bread sponge, and water enough to wet it. Mix in half a pint of wheat flour and a tablespoonful of salt. Let it rise, and knead well a second time. Bake an hour and a half.

Another.—Take two quarts Indian meal, one tablespoonful of lard, one pint of hot water. Mix the lard in water; stir it well, that it may get heated thoroughly, and add half a pint of cold water. When the mixture is cool enough, add two well-beaten eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of home-made yeast. Bake one hour in a moderately heated oven. If for breakfast, make over night.

Still Another.—One pint of corn meal, one pint of sour milk or buttermilk, two eggs well beaten, and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in some of the milk, and add it the last thing. Sweet milk can be used, but then two spoonfuls of cream tartar must be mixed with the meal.

CREAM TARTAR BISCUITS.—For one quart of Flour take two even teaspoonfuls of Cream Tarter, one of Sodaeratus, one pint sweet milk, and a piece of butter the size of an egg, or less, if preferred. Take a little of the milk in a cup and put in the Sodaeratus and set one side, then take

the flour, Cream Tartar and butter, and thoroughly rub or knead together, then mix with the milk, and lastly add the Sodaeratus if all dissolved. Stir quickly, roll thin, cut into shape with small moulds and *immediately put into a quick oven and bake twenty minutes.*

The above is the Receipt of Messrs. Reed, Cutler & Co., whose "Choice Goods for Family Use" will be found advertised in the Lady's Almanac. (See index on page 130.) These goods were awarded a GOLD MEDAL at the Middlesex Mechanics Exhibition, at Lowell, in 1867; a very appropriate award, considering the prime necessity of these pure articles, in house-keeping, at the present time.

DELICIOUS BREAKFAST CAKE.—one quart of sweet milk, two eggs, a small teaspoonful of salt, and one pint of sifted corn meal. No more nor less. Bake forty minutes, in a quick oven. It will take an hour if baked in a slow oven.

VANILLE TAFFY.—With the butter (of which you can put as much or as little as you like) at the bottom of the saucepan, put in one pound of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Leave it to soak over night. If it looks too dry in the morning, add a little more vinegar. Then put it on the fire and boil, not stirring it. When you think it is likely to be done stick a knife into the middle of it, and drop it into a cup of cold water, and if it bites crisp it is done. Just before it is done drop in a teaspoonful of essence of vanille. Then pour the taffy thinly all over a buttered tin and it will soon be cold.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLE.—One peck green tomatoes and six large onions, sliced or chopped. Sprinkle one teacupful of salt through them, and let them stand over night, then drain off, and boil fifteen minutes in one quart vinegar and two quarts water — then drain off. To three quarts vinegar add two poundssugar, two tablespoonfuls ground mustard, two tablespoonfuls cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls ginger, two teaspoonfuls cloves, two teaspoonfuls cayenne. When the spices and vinegar are scalding hot, put in the tomatoes and onions and boil fifteen minutes.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

The host of our readers who hate to have what a celebrated Southern gentleman forcibly yet not irreverently styled “Godamighty’s victuals spoiled in cooking,” will read the following with absorbing attention :

CULINARY COUPLETS.

BY A RHYMING EPICURE.

Always have lobster sauce with salmon,
And put mint sauce your roasted lamb on.

Veal cutlets dip in egg and bread crumb—
Fry till you see a brownish red come.

Grate Gruyere cheese on maccaroni;
Make the top crisp but not too bony.

In venison gravy, currant jelly
Mix with old port—see Francatelli.

In dressing salad, mind this law—
With two hard yolks use one that’s raw.

Roast veal with rich stock gravy serve;
And pickled mushrooms, too, observe.

Roast pork sans apple-sauce, past doubt,
Is "Hamlet" with the Prince left out.

Your mutton-chops with paper cover,
And make them amber brown all over.

Broil lightly your beefsteak—to fry it
Argues contempt of Christian diet.

Kidneys a finer flavor gain
By stewing them in good champagne.

Buy stallfed pigeons. When you've got them,
The way to cook them is to pot them.

Woodgrouse are dry when gumps have marred 'em—
Before you roast 'em always lard 'em.

To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em—
Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em.

It gives true epicures the vapors
To see boiled mutton, minus capers.

Boiled turkey, gourmands know, of course,
Is exquisite with celery sauce.

The cook deserves a hearty cuffing
Who serves roast fowls with tasteless stuffing.

Smelts require egg and biscuit powder,
Don't put fat pork in your clam chowder.

Egg sauce—few make it right, alas!
Is good with blue fish or with bass.

Nice oyster sauce gives zest to cod—
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.

Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious—
'Twould have electrified Apicius.

Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton,
Might make ascetics play the glutton.

But one might rhyme for weeks this way,
And still have lots of things to say.
And so I'll close—for, reader mine,
This is about the hour I dine.

THE DILLIGENT HOUSEWIFE.

Did you ever think of the amount of thought requisite to plan three meals a day for three hundred and sixty-five days in succession? To prepare enough and not too much, and for those living at a distance from the village, to remember that the stock of flour, sugar, tea, etc., etc., is replenished in due time? Do you ever think of the multitude of her cares and duties? She must rise early to prepare breakfast or oversee it. Perhaps there are children to wash, dress and feed, or to get ready for school with their dinners. There is baking, sweeping, dusting, making beds, lunch for the men, may be—dinner and supper to be made ready at the proper time—the washing, starching, folding and ironing of clothes—the care of milk, including the making of butter and cheese—and the inevitable washing of dishes. In autumn there is the additional work of picking, preserving, canning of fruits, drying apples, boiling cider, making apple sauce, with the still more unpleasant task which falls to her lot at butchering time. Then there is haying, harvesting, sheep-shearing, etc., when more help is needed, bringing an increase of her labors. Twice a year comes house-cleaning. By the way, of all the foes a housekeeper has to contend with, dirt is the greatest. She may gain a complete victory and think to repose upon her laurels after her semi-annual engagements—but it is only temporary. The enemy soon returns, and even daily skirmishing does not keep it at bay. There is the mending, too. Sewing machines are

great blessings, but they can't set in a patch or darn the stockings. I do not mention these things by way of complaining of woman's lot in general, or asking for her any rights which she does not possess. I don't know as there is any remedy in the present state of the world. It seems to be one of the evils of life which must be borne as we bear other ills—but what I do ask is a due appreciation of the important part that woman acts, and a concession that her labors, mental and physical, are as great, all things considered, as those of the other sex. Women are not so childish that a little sympathy now and then or acknowledgment of their efforts and sacrifices makes them imagine their case worse than it is. "It doeth good like a medicine," and many a poor, crushed, broken down wife and mother is dying for want of it. [*Essay at a Farmer's Club.*]

A GENUINE CUP OF TEA.

Did you ever return home from a journey, cold, wet and weary, and, unexpected, after tea was over and the tea leaves ejected from the silver? Bright eyes glistened with delight at the sight of you, perhaps more than one pair, and a silvery voice names the magic word "tea." Out of some dozen of these instances, did it ever happen to you—when the tea had been made for you alone—to partake a cup whose delicious fragrance had dwelt ever after on your palate, like a vision of paradise, and of which you have sometimes a difficulty of persuading yourself that it was not all a dream? Such an instance once occurred to me, not after a journey, but at a dining-out. I left the animals at their accustomed wine, and followed on the track of the girls, some of whom were so full of charms that had Hebe fallen sick they might have supplied her place at the

board of Jove without the fair nectar-bearer being missed. A hermetically sealed canister was brought, containing a single pound; not a leaden canister, but one of tin; not book tin, either, but the pure metal, thin, white, glittering and crackling. Talk of the charms of an uncut novel, indeed! Give me the opening of such a virgin case, pure as it left China. It was not green tea, it was not black tea; neither too young nor too old; not unpleasing with astringence on the one hand, nor with the vapid, half-earthly taste of decayed vegetable matter on the other; it was tea in its most perfect state, full charged with aroma, which, when it was opened, diffused its fragrance through the whole apartment, putting all other perfumes to shame. About an ounce was then rubbed to powder by my fair Hebe, and deposited in its broad, shallow, silver receiver, with just *cold* water enough to saturate it. After standing twenty minutes, hot water *off the boil*, as it is technically called, that is free from ebullition, was poured on it, amounting in quantity to three quarters of a pint, and the lid was closely shut down on it, while the cylindrical-shaped tea-cup was placed on the spout to catch the aroma thence issuing. At the expiration of a minute it was poured out, (what a beautiful hand it was!) and the rich globules of essential oil might be seen floating on the surface, a perfect treasure of delight. A small portion of Alderney cream was instantly added, to prevent the escape of the essential oil, and just sufficient of the brilliant large crystalized sugar to neutralize the slight bitter. Oh, heavens! to sip that most exquisite cup of delight was bliss almost too great for earth; a thousand years of rapture all concentrated into the space of a minute, as if the joys of all the world had been skimmed for my peculiar drinking. I should rather say imbibing, for

to have swallowed that iliquid like an ordinary beverage, without tasting every drop, would have been sacrilege.—
[*Leigh Hunt.*

At a public dinner in Edinburgh, Prof. Blackie told the following story: "A boy, at a presbytery examination, was asked, "What is the meaning of regeneration?" "Oh, to be born again," he replied. "Quite right, Tommy; you're a very good boy. Would you not like to be born again?" Tommy gave no reply, but, on being pressed for an answer, at last said, "No." "Why, Tommy?" Tommy replied, "For fear I might be born a lassie."

The following dialogue actually took place, a short time since, between a visiting examiner and a pupil in a school near Salisbury, England: "Now, the first boy in the grammar class." First boy—"Here I be, sir." Examiner—"Well, my good boy, can you tell me what vowels are?" First Boy—"Vowls, zir? Ees, of course I can." Examiner—"Tell me, then, what are vowels?" First Boy—"Why, vowls be chickens!"

A good word is as soon said as a bad one.

The groat is ill saved that shames its master

No one is a fool always; every one sometimes.

Peace with Heaven is the best friendship.

Never smile at the expense of your religion or your Bible.

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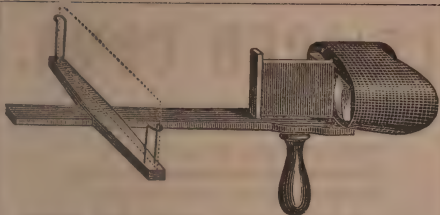
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With starry eyes, and radiant hair,
Whose curling tendrils soft, entwined,
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See next page.

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 *See next page.*

Boston Business Street Directory, and Illustrated Guide, 1867-68. Number 1. This publication initiates a long contemplated periodical issue, which will enable the publisher to present to the public those *Pictorial Sketches of Boston*, which the rapid development of the city has made surpass the limits of the *Boston Almanac*. This feature is combined with the new and original plan of a *Complete Directory of the city by Locality*, classified by Sections and Streets in regular order. With this book in his hand, the Country resident may sit at home and trace the business sections of Boston from beginning to end, thus acquiring a better knowledge of the city, *for use when wanted*, than is possessed by very many of those who are absorbed by their occupations within the city. The book also contains a Map of Boston; and is chained in Hotels and public places in this and other cities, for the benefit of advertisers. *Price, Fifty Cents, mailed post-paid.*

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AND
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 See next page.

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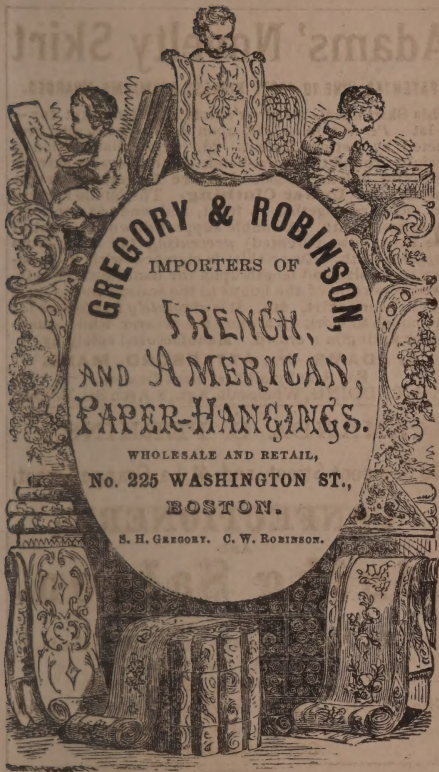
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